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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE New Year has opened with the usual outburst of cheery messages and false optimism, which really amount to no more than wishing us all A Happy New Year. Industry starts with the advantage of an accumulation of old orders held back by the Coal Strike and with a reasonable probability of freedom from important strikes for some months at least. Our exporters are likely to have rather less trouble from competition subsidized by currency depreciation abroad. But if the diagnosis of our troubles which we have been putting forward in these columns is, as we still believe it to be, correct, it is difficult to see that we have reached the end of our difficulties. There is no reason to think that the adverse international balance incurred during the Coal Strike has yet been liquidated, as is shown on our City page. There is no reason to think that the costs of our staple export trades have reached

a competitive basis in the world markets. There is no reason to think that the problem of absorbing labour from the trades where it is redundant and transferring it to the trades which are expanding is solving itself, except at a snail's pace. He is a bold man who would prophesy that the figures of our unemployed will be reduced to a normal level in 1927 or that Mr. Churchill's Budget for 1927-8 will encourage the tax-payer. We shall reach the desired goal more quickly by trying to understand what is wrong, as we shall continue to do week by week in THE NATION, than by the easy optimism which "is sure that things will come right sooner or later."

* * *

The present position with regard to the British Memorandum on China is that the Italian Government has officially indicated its approval, in principle, of the British proposals; the French Government has issued a semi-official statement condemning them; and Mr. Eugene Chen, the Cantonese Foreign Minister, has denounced the Memorandum, in violent terms, as a hypocritical document designed to play into the hands of the Northern War Lords. Neither the American nor the Japanese Government have made any official statement; but American opinion appears to be generally favourable to the new policy. With the situation created by Mr. Chen's note we deal elsewhere. Meanwhile, there has been serious anti-foreign rioting at Hankow, and British naval forces were landed for defence of the Concession, but fortunately found it unnecessary to open fire. Later, as the result of a conference between Admiral Cameron, the British Consul-General, and the Chinese Chief of Police, an agreement was reached for the naval detachment and volunteers to be withdrawn, and the protection of the Concession to be taken over by the Chinese authorities. Whether this protection will be effective remains uncertain. As we write, it is reported that naval reinforcements are on their way, and that orders have been given to withdraw the British women and children from the Concession. On the other hand, it is reported that Cantonese troops are actively engaged in the restoration of order.

* * *

Incidents of this kind are, unhappily, almost inevitable in the present state of Chinese affairs; but there seems no good reason for accusing the Cantonese leaders of deliberate incitement to mob violence, or to doubt their wish to afford protection to European residents. As a supplement to the first-hand evidence already received as to the general good conduct of the Southern troops, we have before us the JAPAN CHRONICLE of November 30th, containing long extracts from the leading Japanese papers, which give a very different picture of the Cantonese from that painted by some Western alarmists. The JICI, for instance, finds no evidence that they are out to enforce Communism, and regards

the assumption that they are puppets of Soviet Russia as a mere canard of the Northern militarists. The MIYAKO similarly describes the description of the Cantonese as "Reds" as mere calling names to create prejudice. All the papers quoted appear to agree that the Cantonese compare very favourably with the Northern militarists, both in efficiency and in conduct, and all emphasize the necessity for Japan of strict neutrality between the contending parties.

Before leaving Paris for a well-deserved holiday, M. Briand made a statement to the French Press which has aroused a good deal of discussion and speculation. Its main object was to deny the existence of any serious differences on foreign affairs between himself and his colleagues, and to challenge an early debate in the Chambers on the policy of *rapprochement* with Germany and a European *entente*. It is this suggestion of an early debate on foreign policy that has excited the greatest interest in France, where it has been interpreted as a symptom of those very dissensions which M. Briand so strenuously denies. Without going to the length of assuming, with "Pertinax" in the *ECHO DE PARIS*, that there is actually a "Briand question" in the French Cabinet, it is easy to discover credible motives for M. Briand's attitude. It seems likely that the Poincaré Government will have to face some stiff debates on domestic questions, and it is possible that M. Briand, seeing hard times ahead, is anxious to get his policy approved while the Government's authority is unshaken. Still more probably, his attitude may be influenced by the approach of the Senatorial elections and a possible change in the grouping of parties.

Meanwhile, the *TIMES* has fallen foul of M. Briand for stating that the Locarno principle had its foundation at Cannes in 1922. The *TIMES* dissents from that view, on the ground that the memorandum laid before M. Briand by Mr. Lloyd George related merely to a guarantee of the French frontier against Germany on certain conditions. But, as Mr. Lloyd George himself has pointed out in a letter to the *TIMES*, those conditions included French co-operation in the economic and social reconstruction of Europe, and the establishment of a Pact "by which all countries should join in an undertaking to refrain from aggression against their neighbours." The proposal for a British guarantee of the French frontier was to be the basis of a new Entente of Peace, which all other nations were to be invited to join. M. Briand's reference, in fact, does no more than simple justice to the proposals made by Mr. Lloyd George in 1922.

The prospects of racial reconciliation in South Africa have received something of a set-back through General Hertzog's determination to proceed with the Flag Bill. It is true he has offered, as a compromise, to incorporate the Royal Arms, as a symbol of the Imperial connection; but this does not meet the desire of the South African Party to symbolize the union of the two races in South Africa itself by the inclusion of the Union Jack, together with the old Republican colours. General Hertzog has never appreciated the strength of the feeling behind the demand for inclusion of the Union Jack as part of the new design, and that feeling is stronger than ever as the result of recent controversies. General Hertzog's decision to force through the Bill is probably attributable to pressure from certain sections of the Nationalist-Labour combination; but he would have served both South Africa and his own party better, in the long run, by agreeing to Mr. Tielman Roos's suggestion that the Bill should be dropped for the pre-

sent, pending new efforts to find an agreed solution of the question.

The winter business of the All-India Legislative Assembly will be laid out at Delhi on fairly severe lines. There are a few important Bills to pass, and there is the Budget to be prepared for. Lord Irwin has seen a good deal of India since the beginning of the cold-weather season, and it may be taken for granted that he will have proposals to make in the two departments which interest him most—agriculture and education. The interest of the Delhi session, however, will centre in the Swarajists and their tactics. Pundit Motilal Nehru, the party leader, is able to claim that his followers in the National Congress have given him a renewed mandate for obstruction in the Chamber. But that will not help him. The Swarajists are markedly reduced in number, and they are opposed by the Responsivists who, under leaders such as Lajpat Rai, will not join in the game of obstruction, but on the contrary, will be inclined to act as far as may be with the Mahomedan members, who have in Mr. M. A. Jinnah of Bombay, a parliamentary leader of long experience and no little skill. The Assembly will meet under its Indian president, Mr. Patel, once a Swarajist, now as detached from party as the Speaker of the Commons.

Affairs in Nicaragua are still in suspense, but as the question of armed intervention was raised in the United States Senate immediately after the recess, we may assume that the State Department will be stimulated to find a way out of the dilemma created by the action of Rear-Admiral Latimer. Costa Rica has offered to mediate between the rival Presidents. Dr. Sacasa is favourable, but Senor Diaz is not. The latter, who can do nothing without the backing of Washington, is doubtless of opinion that, since he owes his survival to the American Marines, there is no reason why he should submit to the mediation of a neighbouring Government, which in all probability would merely pave the way for his retirement. The Nicaraguan crisis is so closely involved with the dispute between the United States and Mexico that it is impossible to forecast the probable developments. So convincing has been the demonstration of American feeling against the policy of Mr. Kellogg at the State Department that we may perhaps be justified in inferring that the United States will refrain from any provocative steps in opposition to the Mexican land and mining laws now being put into force. It is understood that the Calles Government intends to proceed as quietly as possible in its dealings with the American oil companies, but at best those dealings must afford many opportunities for explosive incidents. The American Senate would probably change its tone in the face of an active confiscation policy in Mexico, but the disciplining of Nicaragua is another matter. There can be no doubt that if President Coolidge should order the unqualified withdrawal of the U.S. Marines, he would discover that he had done a thoroughly popular thing.

The Minister of Health intends to persist in his determination to reform the Poor Law upon the lines already indicated. No one wishes to underestimate the great difficulties involved. Agreement among the conglomeration of local authorities concerned could hardly be expected. But much blame attaches to the "light-hearted" manner in which, as one of our correspondents points out, the Minister's proposals have been framed. One of the objectives is declared to be "the co-ordination of all forms of public assistance, especially improved correlation between poor relief and unemployment benefit." But in fact the proposals do not

seem to have the least bearing upon the administration of relief to able-bodied persons, except in so far as they broaden the backs of the local authorities which have to carry the financial burden. It does not seem that the Minister intends to do anything "to correlate unemployment insurance with relief of able-bodied persons." So far the effect of the suggestions he has put forward has been to preclude discussion on this vital aspect of the whole problem. The fact is that Conservatives still regard poverty as a disgrace, and approve of its relief only as a form of charity. They are opposed instinctively to the discussion of the machinery which would make the able-bodied poor a national concern.

* * *

The main features of the Minister's scheme, apart from the unification of health services, is the block grant for health services and the transference of the financial responsibility for all forms of relief to the county authorities. The high rates for Poor Law Relief over the very distressed industrial areas will be but slightly affected by the transference of the financial burden from one local authority to another local authority. Nothing will be done towards treating all forms of relief to the able-bodied as a single problem. The proposals simply mean that authorities, which have hitherto been able to budget with a high degree of accurate foresight, will be subject to irregular and sometimes large fluctuations in their expenditure, due to out-door relief. It seems, then, that there is little behind the proposals—except the argument which weighs with the *TIMES*, for example: that alleged extravagance by Boards of Guardians must be brought to an end, and economy in health services stimulated by the block grant system. This brings the real problems requiring radical reform no nearer to a solution.

* * *

Mr. Keynes's articles on the Cotton Trade, recently published in *THE NATION*, seem to have had more practical consequences than such things can generally achieve. They culminated last Tuesday afternoon in a crowded meeting convened in Manchester by the Committee of the Cotton Yarn Association to hear Mr. Keynes's advocacy of the Association's scheme for forming what is in effect a Cartel. Lord Colwyn presided. The leading banks were all represented by directors or managers; the Liverpool Cotton Association sent their Vice-President; and there were a few hundreds of directors of spinning concerns present, including most of the leaders of the industry. To judge from the spirit of the meeting, which carried a motion in favour of the proposed scheme with only one dissident, in spite of the fact that directors of concerns which have not yet agreed to join were, in view of the limited space available, invited in greater numbers than the already converted, it would seem that the Association has every chance of being launched. But Lancashire men have a wonderful power of keeping their own counsel and then doing nothing. Certainly the need to try something new is becoming pretty obvious to the dullest. Cotton margins have worsened appreciably in the last few weeks. It is said that there is scarcely a mill in Lancashire which is not losing money by remaining open. The shares of spinning concerns quoted at Oldham were worth £10,000,000 less at the end of last year than at the beginning. As a result of the uncalled liability, the shares of a number of companies are quoted at less than nothing. Perhaps in a majority of cases the existing bank loans stand at more than the break-up value of the mills. If, as is rumoured, some of the banks are beginning to ask for the reduction of overdrafts, something like a local crisis might be precipitated by this attempt to make calls on shares from numbers of

small investors. It might be a more politic course for the banks to indicate to their customers that if the Association is launched they will think it worth while to give everyone another chance, but that if not they must look to their security.

* * *

The question whether rich men may enter the kingdom of the Labour Party or whether they should, if they are truly conscientious, vote Conservative until they die, has been debated in an atmosphere of fine confusion. Mr. Clynes, Mr. Ponsonby, and all those of their party who have spoken are unanimous that the support of the very well-to-do is quite acceptable. The *TIMES* and its Conservative correspondents are equally clear that such support is much to be deprecated, though a possible compromise is suggested in Conservative circles by which members of the Labour Party might retain their virtue by surrendering their fortunes in excess of £400 a year to the party funds. Certainly this is a solution which might settle the vexed "funds" question even for the Liberal Party! Others make a distinction between Mr. Oswald Mosley, who, everyone agrees, ought to be beggared, and Mr. Ponsonby, who, it is felt, might be allowed to retain a certain smartness of appearance as a tribute to his being more foolish than wicked. It is evidently a most perplexing business. May Malthusians have children? May pacifists play their part in war? May temperance reformers take a glass of wine? Must a Christian hand over his fortune to the missionaries? It seems to us to make some difference that the Labour Party is not on principle a party of ascetics. Is it unreasonable to hold that a change which involves a personal sacrifice is desirable, and yet to decline to make that sacrifice until others do the like, especially in a case where isolated action is not calculated to achieve anything in particular? What sort of psychological impression the public gets is quite another matter. But—rightly or wrongly—it would seem that the possession of a cash balance does not greatly revolt a Labour constituency, and that the unfortunate impression produced is mainly confined to the opposition.

* * *

The report just issued by the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education on "The Education of the Adolescent" is likely to become a landmark in our social history; not because the ideas which it embodies are particularly novel; but because their endorsement by so authoritative a body as the Consultative Committee means that they are certain to find expression, sooner or later, in legislative action. The official *caveat*, with which Sir Aubrey Symonds has prefaced the Report, is, in view of the circumstances of the moment, natural enough. None the less, we can now look forward, with some confidence, to the development of a new phase in our educational system. This does not mean that there is to be any sensational break with the past: continuous experiment, on the part of our more progressive educational authorities, is already preparing the way for this next step forward. The ideal aimed at is twofold: "Secondary education for all," to begin at the age of 11+, and the raising of the school-leaving age to 15+ in the course of, say, five years. The requirements of the adolescent are to be more carefully studied than is possible under present conditions, and education adapted to his individual needs is to be provided. The difficulties in the way of realizing this programme are, obviously, very great. But the will to meet them is present among educationists generally, and much will now depend upon their capacity to provoke to enthusiasm the community at large.

THE NEXT STAGE IN CHINA

THE British Memorandum on China, which we discussed last week, has initiated a new phase in the treatment of the Chinese problem, and the next few weeks are likely to be critical. It was almost inevitable that the first reception of this belated attempt to face realities should be outwardly unfavourable. It is of the first importance that the British Government should not be discouraged from perseverance in a wise policy, by an initial douche of cold water.

It would be easy to attach too much importance to the note issued by Mr. Eugene Chen. The Cantonese Foreign Minister—like Lord Birkenhead—has an audience to placate, and when he denounces the Memorandum as a sham concession designed to play into the hands of the Northern War Lords, he is probably thinking more of retaining control over the extremists in his own party than of defining his attitude in future negotiations. It would be the rankest folly to suppose that the note constitutes Mr. Chen's last word on the proposals. The first step in any form of Oriental bargaining is to say that the offer made by the other party is iniquitous and unacceptable. Mr. Chen's real sentiments are to be sought in his reception of the British Minister, rather than in his comments on the British Note. If he had really intended to bar the door to negotiations, he would have treated Mr. Lampson very differently.

Mr. Chen's objection to the proposals is one that we had already anticipated. We pointed out, in our last issue, that the proposal to collect the surtaxes, and hand them over to the local authorities, might have the effect of intensifying the struggle for the Yang-tze valley. That is precisely Mr. Chen's point. He claims that, in the present military position, the chief effect of the British Government's proposals, would be to supply the Northern Tuchuns with funds to carry on the war against Canton, and to prolong the struggle for control of the Treaty ports.

There is some force in Mr. Chen's contention; but when he goes on to impugn the good faith of the British Government, he probably knows that he is talking nonsense. The proposal to hand over the surtaxes to the *de facto* local authorities is based on the plain fact that there is no Government at the present moment with any valid claim to represent China as a whole. It is a great step forward that the British Government has recognized the authority of the Cantonese in the districts they actually control. To recognize them as the rulers of all China would be a denial of the facts, and an unwarrantable intervention in the internal affairs of the country.

A reference to the actual terms of the Memorandum will show that the British Government, while proposing immediate recognition of the surtaxes, were scrupulously careful to leave open for discussion all details of the actual allocation of the proceeds. The question is obviously more capable of compromise than the control of the Peking Treasury, which has hitherto been the main bone of contention between the rival factions, and we hope the Government will continue to explore the possibilities of a settlement with all parties concerned. We strongly suspect Mr. Chen of playing for time, in

the hope of a further Cantonese advance in the Yang-tze valley, and while this may be a dangerous game, it should not shut the door on further negotiations.

No one ever supposed that the British Memorandum would settle once and for all a problem which has been allowed to drift until an extremely difficult situation has been created and dangerous passions have been aroused. The chief merit of the Memorandum is that it compels both the Powers and the leading factions in China to face facts and to answer questions; the answers received may always be made the stepping stone to further discussions. So far, it cannot be said that the Powers, as a whole, have gone much farther than the Cantonese in this direction. The French Government appear to be wedded to the old, futile policy of pretending that Peking is the real voice of China, and letting things drift until some Government at Peking succeeds in establishing authority over the whole country. Japan, always peculiarly anxious for concerted action, has not yet defined her attitude, but appears to be doubtful of the British proposals. American opinion, as yet only unofficially expressed, combines general approval of the British policy with an uneasy suspicion that the British Government has stolen American thunder. Only Italy, so far, has definitely accepted the new policy in principle.

In these circumstances, the obvious path of wisdom for the British Government is to press forward with the task of working out the practical application of their proposals, both as regards the surtaxes and the interim recommendations of the Commission on extra-territoriality. It is their business to make it impossible for either the Powers or the Chinese leaders to persist in a merely negative attitude, and compel them, at least, to put forward alternative, constructive proposals.

Meanwhile, we cannot afford to magnify incidents—such as the recent riot at Hankow—which are the almost inevitable outcome of the present state of chaos. And we cannot afford to be frightened by the Bolshevik bogey. There are Communists among the Cantonese, and there is a riotous element in the Treaty ports which responds readily to extremist propaganda. But the real leaders, such as Mr. Eugene Chen himself, are far more likely to use the Bolsheviks for their own purposes than to become catspaws for the Third International. Until lately, the Cantonese leaders have had the very difficult task of organizing the Chinese Nationalist Party and conducting a civil war, with very insufficient revenues, and without even an informal recognition by the Powers of their *de facto* authority. They have turned for assistance to those who offered it. To make the policy of the Memorandum effective is the only sure method of detaching them from the influence of Moscow.

It is clear, at any rate, that the British Government cannot return to the policy of drift. It must go forward on the lines it has so clearly laid down. It is at least possible that, in discussing with the various Chinese leaders the details of its application, the way may be paved towards a more general and permanent settlement in the near future. Meanwhile, every effort should be concentrated on securing agreement for a practical *modus vivendi*. If any chance of such agreement emerges neither America or Japan are likely to stand long aloof.

THE SHADOW CABINET

IT may have been due to reading "A Christmas Carol" late at night, or it may have been the result, as Scrooge suggested to the Ghost of Jacob Marley, of "an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, or a fragment of an underdone potato." Whatever the cause, it is certain that I was visited by a phantom last night, and that its conversation made me so sleepy that I fell asleep in my armchair and awoke, cold and stiff, to find that the fire was nearly out.

I was sitting in my library, re-reading "A Christmas Carol" for, perhaps, the thirtieth time, when I was conscious of a presence in the room. Looking up in surprise, I saw a figure standing before me which was strangely familiar, and yet, at the same time, unfamiliar; for, just as I was about to give it an august name, it changed, and another name rose to my lips, only to be replaced by another before it could be uttered.

"It's Lord Oxford!" I thought. "No, it isn't, it's Lord Grey; Lord Buckmaster, I mean; no, Mr. Runciman."

This was very confusing, for all this time I was conscious of my lack of courtesy to a distinguished guest. The only thing to do seemed to be to abandon the attempt at identification and to give a general welcome.

"Good evening," said I, politely; "to what do I owe the honour of this visit?"

"I come to give you a warning," said the phantom.

"Indeed," said I. "May I ask who you are?"

"I am the Shadow of the last Liberal Cabinet," said my visitor.

"Oh! The Shadow Cabinet!" said I. "Pray take a seat."

"Alas!" cried the phantom, "there are no safe seats left."

I felt I had put my foot in it. "By all means stand if you prefer to do so," said I, hastily.

"What's the good of standing?" exclaimed the phantom, "I should only lose my deposit!"

The only thing I could do was to change the subject.

"Excuse me, but do you still comprise Sir John Simon?" I inquired.

"I am composed of all Liberal ex-Cabinet Ministers who are prepared to co-operate freely in the application of Liberal principles to current events," replied my visitor, evasively.

"Not including Mr. Lloyd George, I think?" said I, inquiringly.

"He ceased to co-operate during the General Strike," replied my visitor, severely.

"Oh, come!" said I, "he only stayed away from one of your meetings. You all of you do that from time to time."

"It was not so much that he stayed away," replied the Shadow, "as that he took his own line and did not apply Liberal principles during the Strike."

"Where did he go wrong?" I asked.

"He criticized the Government," said the Shadow, severely.

"Only for such things as suppressing the Archbishop's message in the *BRITISH GAZETTE* and on the wireless," said I. "Surely that was Liberal enough."

"He advocated negotiations," cried the Shadow, in horror-stricken tones.

"So did you," said I.

"Not until the Strike was practically over," retorted the Shadow.

"I don't think that is sufficient reason for excommunicating him," said I.

"He has excommunicated himself," replied the Shadow.

"Not at all," said I. "He has just offered the interest on his fund to the Liberal Party."

"That is what I came to warn you about," said the Shadow, solemnly. "Don't touch it. It's tainted money."

"Oh, is it really?" said I, much impressed. "How was it obtained?"

"Some of it," whispered the Shadow, "was obtained by the sale of Honours."

"Is that all?" said I, somewhat relieved, "but all party funds profit that way, don't they?"

"But these weren't Liberal Honours," explained the Shadow.

"I see," said I, "and that makes all the difference?"

"All the difference!" replied the Shadow, triumphantly.

"Well, what do you think Mr. Lloyd George ought to do with his fund?" I inquired.

"If he's a Liberal, he ought to give it to the Liberal Party," replied the Shadow.

"But didn't you say that the Party ought to refuse it?" I asked.

"Not if it were offered unconditionally," replied the Shadow.

"I understood it was offered unconditionally," said I, much confused.

"In form, yes," said the Shadow, "but in substance, no. You see the Party is at present controlled by men who are quite determined that whatever happens they will have nothing more to do with Lloyd George, so if this money is accepted they will resign; in other words, the money is offered on the condition of their resignation."

"They wouldn't mind it being 'tainted' if it didn't imply co-operation with Lloyd George?"

"They would mind, of course," replied the Shadow, "but they might overlook that if he were not an impossible person to work with."

"How has he shown himself impossible?" I asked.

"Can you ask that? Think of the old Coalition days," retorted the Shadow.

"You've co-operated with him yourself since then," I pointed out.

"Yes, that shows how forgiving I am and what infinite patience I've displayed. I've tried again and again, but it's impossible to keep in step with him."

"How has he got out of step lately?" I inquired.

"Well, there was the Land Policy," replied the Shadow. "We managed to patch up a compromise on that, but it would have been much easier if he had left the subject alone. Then there was the General Strike. I've told you about that. And only the other day he made a speech about China, which shocked me very much. If he wanted to talk about China, why couldn't he do it in a statesmanlike way, as Ramsay MacDonald has done?"

"What did Mr. MacDonald say about China?" I asked.

"I haven't the least idea," replied the Shadow, "but I know it wasn't mischievous like Lloyd George's speech, because nobody took any notice of it, whereas Lloyd George probably precipitated the publication of the Government's memorandum. Then there's this Liberal Industrial Inquiry that he's financing. That's sure to lead to further trouble. What do we want with a Liberal industrial policy? We are not likely to be returned to power in the near future, and we can always make speeches about 'partnership in industry.'"

"Then you don't think it desirable for Liberals to work out the application of Liberal principles to current problems?" I asked.

"That is my function," replied the Shadow Cabinet, proudly. "The business of the rank and file is to follow my lead."

"And you consist for the most part of ex-Cabinet Ministers?"

"For the most part."

"So that, in the ordinary course of nature, you will gradually dwindle away?"

"I suppose that is so," replied the Shadow, stiffly.

"And then what will happen to the Party?" I inquired.

"We need have no anxiety about the future of a Party with so glorious a heritage of history and traditions, if only it remains true to its imperishable principles," said the Shadow, grandly.

"No," said I, doubtfully, "but what do you think will happen in the next two Parliaments? Shall we be able to come to some arrangement with Labour . . . ?"

"I entirely disapprove of any such project," interrupted the Shadow, severely. "It seems to me that you are nearly as bad as Lloyd George himself, who is always thinking of bargains and compacts with this, that, and the other party, in order, by hook or by crook, to get back into power. Our business is to enunciate the true principles of Liberalism and to leave it to the country to return us to Parliament if our principles commend themselves."

"I see," said I, "and our principles are to support the Government in labour disputes, and in general industrial policy; and to leave China and the land alone. You have made all that clear. Do we take any line over currency reform?"

"Now that the Gold Standard has been restored," replied the Shadow, "there is no need to discuss currency at all."

"And foreign policy in general?"

"We have long stood for the policy of continuity which has happily taken foreign policy out of the arena of party warfare."

"And Imperial affairs are in the same category?"

"Precisely the same," replied the Shadow, placidly.

"It's an attractive programme, no doubt," said I.

"Yes," replied the Shadow, complacently, "I know many Conservatives who would gladly support a Liberal candidate whose only opponent was a Labour man."

"That's very gratifying," said I.

"Extremely," said the Shadow.

"And I quite understand now your difficulty in keeping step with Lloyd George," I added.

"I'm glad of that," said the Shadow.

"He's always taking up new ideas," said I.

"Yes, he's so restless," said the Shadow. "But of course I'm as advanced and radical and progressive in my ideas as any man."

"I'm sure you are," said I.

"Bright and Gladstone were considered quite iconoclastic in their day, and I go every bit as far as they did," said the Shadow.

"You're almost a revolutionary," said I. "But there doesn't seem any immediate need for a change of Government, does there?"

"No immediate need, perhaps," replied the Shadow, "but it's very desirable to have an alternative Government available, in case the need arises."

"Yes, and it will be nice for the country to know that it can have a change without interfering with policy," said I.

"Exactly," said the Shadow, "it would be most unsettling if the Labour people got in again, and Lloyd George is, of course, impossible."

"The Liberal Party doesn't seem to think so," said I.

"I am the Liberal Party," said the Shadow.

"I meant the rank and file in the constituencies," I explained.

"Oh, did you?" said the Shadow. "I'd forgotten them, but they don't matter, do they?"

"Not a bit," said I.

"The TIMES supports me," said the Shadow, eagerly.

"The whole Tory Press is behind you," said I, "and Lloyd George has to be content with organs like the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN and the DAILY NEWS."

"It's pathetic, isn't it?" said the Shadow Cabinet.

"It is indeed," said I.

PETER IBBETSON.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE MANDATES COMMISSION

THE Council of the League of Nations returned at its December meeting to the important questions of procedure on which the Permanent Mandates Commission has been at variance with the Mandatory Powers. It will be remembered that the Mandates Commission, in its June Report to the Council, asked for authority to issue a revised and amplified "list of questions which the Commission would like to have dealt with in the annual reports of the Mandatory Powers on territories under 'B' and 'C' Mandates," i.e., the ex-German colonies in Africa and the Pacific. At the same time, the Commission consulted the Council with regard to certain difficulties which it had encountered in dealing with petitions. It explained that the documentary evidence was not always conclusive as to the merits of a complaint, and it inquired whether it might not now be authorized, as a last resort, to hear petitioners in person.

Cautiously as it was framed, the proposal to give petitioners even a limited measure of direct access to the Mandates Commission was vigorously opposed from the outset by the Mandatory Powers. In the considered statements of their views which the Council now has before it they are as unanimous in their protests as they were at the Council meeting in September. Their contention is, in brief, that in authorizing the Commission to give petitioners the right of audience, the Council would make it a Court of Appeal before which the Government of a mandated territory could at any time be required to engage in litigation with the local malcontents. They argue that such a conception of its rôle is unsound even in theory, and, if applied in practice, might easily end by making the mandatory system almost unworkable. That their objections are not altogether fanciful is recognized by the Commission itself. At the recent League Assembly, its spokesman, M. van Rees, drew the attention of the Sixth Committee to the elaborate safeguards to be provided for "the dignity and prestige of the Mandatory Powers," but this was in itself an admission that their fears, however exaggerated, were not entirely baseless. M. van Rees went further. He was at pains to point out that, so far from pressing for the right to hear petitioners, the Commission "merely mentioned the existence of a certain difficulty; it asked the opinion of the Council in regard to that difficulty, but it did not recommend the adoption of any course." The difficulty is not, perhaps, quite as serious as is sometimes assumed by enthusiastic supporters of the Commission, who are apt to press the point a good deal harder than the Commission itself. It may be doubted whether, even under the existing procedure, the Commission is really in serious danger of being unable to recognize a genuine grievance when it sees one. Nor does it necessarily follow from the contention of the Mandatory Powers that in no conceivable circumstances can petitioners be given a personal hearing. The Belgian

Government has rightly pointed out that if the Commission, having exhausted all its resources, is unable to get to the bottom of a complaint, it is open to the Council "to order such extraordinary measures of investigation as it may think fit." The real objection is, not so much to the hearing of petitioners in the abstract, as to their being heard by the Mandates Commission on its own initiative without express authority from the Council. If this is how the proposal is to be understood, it must be admitted that, however plausible it may be on paper, it might prove in practice to have awkward implications. The Council has reserved its decision until its next meeting in March, but this can hardly mean more than a reprieve.

The fate of the questionnaire is already sealed. The Mandates Commission has been invited by the Council "to consider afresh the List of Questions for Annual Reports of (sic) territories under 'B' and 'C' Mandates." This decision may be regrettable, but it is not surprising. After the preliminary skirmish at the September meeting of the Council, the Mandatory Powers were invited to state their views in writing. They express themselves in their replies with varying degrees of emphasis, but not one of them gives the questionnaire unqualified approval. There is, however, a marked, significant, and disturbing contrast in tone and temper between the British Note of November 8th and the comments of the other Governments concerned. The French Government "has no objection in principle to the adoption of the new questionnaire"; it merely deprecates "an over-specialized questionnaire, which might in practice overburden and hence prove detrimental to the work of the authorities responsible for preparing the annual report." Japan takes a similar line. Belgian criticism does not go beyond a mild suggestion that the Mandatories should not be "called upon to furnish unduly detailed reports at the expense of practical work and concrete results." Far from challenging the questionnaire in principle, Belgium takes the commonsense view that:—

"the Mandates Commission cannot give the Council effective assistance in its work of supervision, unless the Council accords it wide powers of discretion as to the questions which it may think fit to ask the Mandatory States."

A very different note is struck by the Foreign Office letter of November 8th, in which the British Government—inspired, it may be conjectured, by the Dominions—takes occasion to read the Mandates Commission a lengthy and rather pompous lecture on the limits of its competence. According to the Foreign Office, the duty of the Council (and consequently of its advisory organ, the Mandates Commission) is "to see that the administration of the mandated territories is conducted generally in accordance with the ideas enunciated in Article 22 of the Covenant." It is only "if it should have reason to suppose that these ideals are not being realized" that it "would naturally pursue its inquiries in detail and would make such recommendations as it thought proper for remedying any particular abuses that might be revealed." It is not explained by what instinct it is to scent abuses, in the absence of full and regular information as to what is going on. Be that as it may, "there is nothing to lead to the conclusion that it was ever intended that a mandatory Government should be called upon to submit for confirmation or criticism all the details of its administrative and legislative activities."

The author of the Foreign Office letter was apparently unfamiliar both with the questionnaires which have been in use for the past five years and with the actual contents of the annual reports on territories under British Mandate. Had he studied the "B" and "C" questionnaires which were expressly approved by the Council in 1921, he would have observed that they conclude by asking the Mandatory Powers for "the text of all the legislative and administra-

tive decisions taken with regard to each mandated territory in the course of the past year." Had he studied the British reports, he would have realized that, formidable as it is in appearance, the new questionnaire breaks hardly any new ground. What is more important, the whole question of principle so aggressively raised by the British Note was discussed and decided by the Council when the mandatory system was in the making. The Hymans memorandum, which was adopted by the Council on August 5th, 1920, expressly laid it down that:—

"the Annual Report should certainly include a statement as to the whole moral and material situation of the peoples under Mandate. It is clear, therefore, that the Council should also examine the question of the whole administration."

A few months later, the Council laid the Hymans memorandum before the First Assembly of the League, which was assured that "with regard to the observance of the terms of the Mandates, the Council interprets its duties in this connection in the widest manner." The British Note attempts to take this awkward fence by referring to a passage in which M. Hymans observes that "the Council will obviously have to display extreme prudence, so that the exercise of its right of control should not provoke any justifiable complaints." The argument is, therefore, as follows. The Council (and consequently the Commission) is entitled to examine "the question of the whole administration." It must not, however, provoke any justifiable complaint, and the Mandatories will be justified in complaining if they are asked for "details of their legislative and administrative activities." It is obvious this is only another way of saying that the Hymans memorandum is a contradiction in terms, and that the Council's much-advertised endorsement was meaningless. The questionnaire is not verbally inspired, and the mandatory system will not collapse because the Mandatories have hesitated to swallow it whole. What is regrettable is that Great Britain, disdaining detailed criticism, should have gone out of her way to preach a sermon on the text that the way to deal with the Commission is to warn it off as a busybody rather than to welcome it as an ally in a common enterprise.

The hard, metallic tone of the British Note is all the more regrettable when it is remembered what part the Mandates Commission really plays in the mandatory system. The original draft of the Covenant provided that the Mandatories should be responsible to the League. In the final version the League became the Council. The change was deliberate and significant. The working of the mandatory system was to be the sole concern of the Council, which plainly told the Assembly in 1920 that it would countenance no invasion of its prerogatives. Of the seven Mandatory Powers, three are permanent members of the Council; a fourth—Belgium—is at present a non-permanent member; the other three are British Dominions. If the Mandatories do not merely go through the solemn farce of sitting in judgment upon themselves, it is because the Council is advised, and—to its credit—is usually guided, by a body of independent and impartial experts. There may have been valid reasons for discouraging the intervention, in so delicate a matter, of the mixed multitude of the Assembly; but if the supervision of the Mandatories has been rightly vested in the Council, it is all the more essential that the Mandates Commission should be given ample latitude in its inquiries, and should in disputable cases have the benefit of the doubt. Great Britain has shown in practice, and will doubtless continue to show, a punctilious regard for her mandatory obligations. The attitude she has now taken up is only another illustration of the perversity which so often inspires her to do herself less than justice in explaining herself to the League.

LEONARD STEIN.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE Silence of Mr. Lloyd George "is the most exciting political romance at the moment. It is a disconcerting silence. The professional gossips are reduced to reluctant imitation. As King Lear remarked, "Nothing can come of nothing." The correspondents would doubtless complete the quotation in addressing the amazingly silent Mr. Lloyd George: "Speak again." Hopes were raised only to be crushed when the news came that the Liberal leader had returned from his Riviera holiday a fortnight before he was expected. It was assumed that the volcano could no longer refrain from an eruption. But Mr. Lloyd George returned to talk of his golf handicap and the Riviera sunshine. He had cut his holiday short for no other reason, as one may guess, than that he cannot for long enjoy life except where it is liveliest. I am inclined to think that this memorable silence is one of the most notable achievements of his career. After the Grey onslaught there were rumours in the clubs of a manifesto by wireless; then there was to be an interview at Marseilles, and now that these hopes are dashed, there is to be, they say, a torrent of Limehouse when he speaks on the nineteenth—a prophecy which is also likely to turn out wrong. Mr. Lloyd George is a Liberal, and he is as much concerned as any other Liberal, to put it mildly, that we should get through the winter without final ruin. He knows what the situation calls for from him, and that is what he is supplying. One's applause is mingled with human sympathy. Mr. Lloyd George is not an excessively Early Christian. The strain must be terrible.

When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Cook do agree, they agree, as it were, with violence. While Mr. Cook was in Moscow, collecting bouquets abroad for the ruin he has wrought at home, he declared that "we cannot keep incompetent leaders." This might appear to be a belated piece of candour on the part of Mr. Cook, but doubtless he was thinking of those despised Front Benchers, and not of the leaders of the Miners' Federation. What Mr. MacDonald was thinking of is obvious. This unanimity of these mortal enemies is therefore less surprising than it appears at first sight. Mr. Cook should be fairly safe in his job. If his seven-months' muddle of the coal negotiations could not shake the pathetic loyalty of the Miners' Federation, his childish ecstasies in Moscow will not do it. I suppose the Soviet leaders will, with the incurable innocence of the over-cunning, continue to take Mr. Cook as seriously as the *MORNING POST* does, or affects to do. From the Bolshevik point of view he is the perfect guest to whom everything is perfect. What about these "gangs of homeless children who wander, begging and undisciplined, about the country"? Mr. Cook didn't notice them. Our old friend the lying bourgeois again? We shall never get a true picture of Russia from the back-chat of partisans or the rhetoric of the simple-minded.

Gladstone's daughter, Mrs. Mary Drew, who has just died, had the characteristic Gladstonian ardour and vivacity of intellect. She was a woman of notable mental power, interested in many things, and extremely quick in mastering the essence of those things. She worked with her father on many public questions, and helped him greatly. After the death of her parents and of her husband, the Rector of Hawarden, she settled in London. Her daughter, the "Dorothy Drew" of innumerable pictures and articles of the great Gladstonian times, married Colonel Parish, who died of wounds received in the war. Living on into a changed world, Mrs. Drew retained in old age her alertness and openness of mind. I hear that latterly she developed strong sympathies with the ideals of the Labour

movement. Mrs. Drew knew and corresponded with many of the great Victorian personalities who were in touch with the Gladstone circle. Lord Acton's letters to her were published many years ago. Her correspondence with Ruskin was privately printed. A memoir of this gifted lady ought to make a rich and attractive book.

If, as seems probable, the project of founding a Labour University in Lady Warwick's country house, comes to nothing, a curious chapter in the social history of our time will never be written. I do not remember anything more significant of the revolutionary change in social values than the gathering early last year when the Comrade Countess handed over her ancestral home to the Labour leaders. Easton Lodge is a relic of Victorian wealth and privilege: a great gaunt house in an extensive park. Lady Warwick entertained the Labour men to a lunch in those remarkable surroundings as the preliminary to handing over the house and retiring into a modest suite of rooms. Now she has withdrawn her gift. The Trade Unions apparently are too hard hit by the year of disaster to raise the money for equipment and so on, and also the orthodox Ruskinian from Oxford is reluctant to lie down with the Marxian from the East End of London. Ruskin College prefers Oxford to the bleak grandeur of an Essex mansion, for which it is hardly to be blamed. At the moment the Trade Unions have more immediate needs than that of realizing a dream of education—or, as some would say, a nightmare of class propaganda.

The feature of the Honours list which gave me the most pleasure was the knighthood for Mr. Ebenezer Howard. That I am able to live in surroundings harmoniously and intelligently planned I owe to the fact that Mr. Howard, then an obscure Law Courts reporter, wrote many years ago a little book called "Garden Cities of Tomorrow." Most of the big changes in social development in England have had powerful backing from the start. The planning of new communities as a whole, supplanting the casual horrors of the standard urban growth, is the embodiment of the dream of this lonely idealist. Mr. Howard has had the rare felicity of watching his dream take solid shape, first at Letchworth, and then all over the world. The Garden City idea has long outlived the sneers of cynics and the stubborn prejudices of the complacent; it is indestructible and will in time change the material conditions of the town-dweller's life. The man who sowed the seed is now, as always, modest and single-minded, and he has been rewarded by something better than a fortune, or a knighthood. If you want his monument look around.

Reading an article on Wolfe, which was the literary equivalent of a fanfare of trumpets, roused a desire for a more human and understandable account of the hero. I took up "The Virginians," where, in those delightful chapters about Tunbridge Wells, Wolfe is introduced thus:—

"Who is that tallow-faced Put with the carrotty hair?" says Jack Morris, on whom the Burgundy had had its due effect.

"Mr. Warrington explained that this was Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe of the 20th Regiment."

This, at any rate, seemed to refer to a real person, and not to a schoolgirl's dream of impossible valour and beauty. In fact, Thackeray makes very little of Wolfe, using him merely as a Puritanic foil to that young fool Harry Warrington. Wolfe was by no means the moral prig Thackeray sketches. The best thing said about him this week has come from the Prince of Wales. Wolfe was of the same type as the many brilliant young men who came to the front in the Great War, and who showed what they could do, only to

die. That comparison gives us a Wolfe we can all understand. The suggestion needs to be supplemented by the plain fact that this young man, whose utmost ambition was "to look steadily upon danger," was of the great breed. He was supreme at his job.

* * *

As a devoted listener-in I shall be interested to watch or hear the development of the new microphone reporting. The newspaper interests have apparently not been able to resist the unquestionable competition involved in the broadcasting of running reports of sporting events. The proportion of newspaper readers who buy the papers for the sporting pages is larger than is generally understood, and it is childish to suppose that the newspapers will not suffer, just as the concerts are suffering, from wireless competition. No doubt the B.B.C. is trying to work in harmony with the Press, just as it tried to do with the concert interests. I think the result will be the same in both cases. There is certain to be a rapid extension of this new method of reporting exciting things—not merely sport—while the excitement is, so to speak, in the air. It will be interesting to see whether, as one would expect, the actuality of the spoken news wins in competition with the news which is cold print, and whether amplitude makes up for delay.

* * *

It is refreshing now and then in the course of one's tame career to converse with a Really Bad Man. Wickedness of the Wild West variety is so lavishly displayed on the film and in cheap fiction that one ceases to believe in its existence. One's tendency is to regard rum-running, gun-running, sheriff-shooting, and so on as commercial stimulants for the timid rather than as realities. I met a man the other day (he was, of course, wanting money) who has done all of these things. He shot two sheriffs to be precise. This was at Miami where life seems to beat the cinema at its wildest. He has spied out human sacrifices in the jungles of Haiti; he himself is a wild beast of the jungles of civilization, and proud of it. He looked as tame as any City clerk straphanging in the Tube, but that made him more convincing. The few dangerous ruffians I have had the privilege of knowing have been all men of singularly mild and engaging manners. The only departure from courtesy into which he was betrayed was when he expressed a wounding contempt for the pen as a weapon, as compared with a gun. My consolation was the reflection that he will come to a sudden and painful end. But it is just as likely that he will end up as a moneyed churchwarden.

* * *

I should like to take a hand for a moment in the popular New Year's game of picking the best novel of the year. I am only a casual novel reader, and my qualifications for making a choice cannot be compared for a moment with those of our champion novel taster, Mr. Gerald Gould, who seems to read *all* the novels and remain sane—even witty. I am not sure, by the way, that Mr. Gould has not forestalled me in voting for "The Beadle," by Pauline Smith. This is a South African novel, like the other outstanding novel, Olive Schreiner's great book, which was not written last year and is therefore outside the competition. "The Beadle" is short, simple, and exquisite. It has the quality of strangeness in its beauty. The author has achieved what is nothing less than a literary miracle—she has, to my mind, given us a finer version of the theme of Hardy's "Tess"—the surrender of a woman's body in the willingness of unstained innocence. The tact and delicacy, the truth of presentment, are, I think, altogether wonderful. I agree with Mr. Bennett. This is a work of genius.

* * *

The Dear Old Lady of Printing House Square: From the *TIMES* report of Lord Byng's speech at the Wolfe dinner

proposing the health of the Prince of Wales: "They respected him for his position and they loved him for himself." From the report of the same speech in every other paper in London: "We respect you, sir, for your position and damme, sir, we love you for yourself."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE GOVERNMENT'S POOR LAW POLICY

SIR,—Since you have opened your columns to discussion of Poor Law problems connected with rating and unemployment, I should like, with your permission, to call the attention of your readers to another important matter involved in the proposals for reform, namely, the management of institutions at present under the Poor Law.

In the memorandum issued with Circular 658 by the Ministry of Health, dealing with Poor Law reform, it is proposed that the County Council shall in all cases definitely undertake for the whole administrative county complete responsibility for all institutions transferred under the Reform scheme and the uses to which these institutions are put. Also, that provision is to be made to facilitate the joint use of institutions or other special arrangements by two or more counties or county boroughs. Furthermore, the actual maintenance of children in institutions, not being covered by any service undertaken by a local education authority, must remain a function of the county council, assisted, if desirable, by a local sub-committee of that council.

There is a light-heartedness about these proposals that hardly seems justified if we consider the extent of the work to be undertaken. There are in Poor Law hospitals and infirmaries, 120,000 beds (more than double the number in voluntary hospitals); in mental hospitals 110,000 beds; there are homes for children, for mental defectives, for epileptics, in addition to general institutional accommodation and casual wards. We are told by the Ministry that many of the general institutions are to be adapted and specialized—no easy task. And this work of providing and administering public institutions is likely to increase rather than diminish. If Poor Law infirmaries are to be turned into county or municipal hospitals, with sufficient beds to provide everywhere for all emergencies, with up-to-date medical and surgical services, combined with the removal of what little remains of the destitution qualification, the ground will be cut from the appeal of the voluntary hospital. The Ministry must be prepared for the failure of the supply of beds on the voluntary system, and of the support of medical schools now run by voluntary hospitals, in so far as they are not endowed.

There has been in existence for sixty years, in London, a board functioning in the way that seems to be proposed by the Minister for Committees of County Councils. The Metropolitan Asylums Board, to which no other reference is made in the circular of the Minister of Health than that it is to "cease to exist," has recently issued its annual report for the year 1925-26. This Board provides institutional accommodation for those classes which the Ministry has considered should be dealt with centrally for London as a whole. It has under its charge forty specialized institutions, in addition to casual wards and ambulance stations. Its fever hospitals provide nearly 8,000 beds, mental hospitals 9,000, institutions for tuberculosis 2,000, children's institutions 2,000, and so on, to a total of 24,000 beds. The annual expenditure is over £2,000,000.

The seventy-three members of the Metropolitan Asylums Board are drawn from a wide field. Fifty-five are representatives of twenty-five Metropolitan Boards of Guardians, while eighteen are nominated by the Ministry of Health, and acting through committees and sub-committees these members give detailed attention to the control and administration of the various institutions.

The duties of the Board are set out in Statutes and Orders; its revenue is derived from the Metropolitan rates under precepts issued on the several Boards of Guardians, who include the amounts in their own precepts on the Borough Councils by whom the rate is levied.

In addition to all this work carried out by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, there are under the direct management of Metropolitan Boards of Guardians, ninety-five other institutions with 58,000 beds.

Now, sir, it is obvious that if this mass of work is to be under voluntary management and not, in fact, left to officials, it is hopeless to hand it over to the already overburdened London County Council. It must be in the hands, not of a mere committee acting largely through local sub-committees of co-opted persons, but of a Statutory Board, as strong and as widely representative as the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Instead of condemning that Board to extinction, the Minister of Health might well consider taking it as a model for Boards charged with administering institutions in areas of suitable size all over the country. Such areas might, as the Minister himself suggests, consist of an administrative county with the county boroughs within its borders, or of a union of two or more counties.

These Public Institutions Boards might, without any fundamental change, be established, as in London, in conjunction with and based upon existing Boards of Guardians. If the latter disappear the problem is less simple, but the important point is that the proposed Boards should consist of a personnel selected from a wide field. In London, representation could presumably be transferred from Guardians to Borough Councils, with the addition of members of the L.C.C. and others appointed by the Ministry, as at present. In the provinces every County and Borough Council in the appointed area should be represented, together with persons of experience nominated by the Minister. Their powers should be clearly defined by Statute, and their jurisdiction should extend over all the public institutions in their area, including infectious diseases hospitals and mental hospitals.

If I am not trespassing too far on your space, there is one other point that I should like to make. Much of the administration of Poor Law institutions is at present carried out by women guardians, of whom there are more than 2,000. Without desiring to claim too much for them as administrators, it cannot be contested that they have a "housekeeper's eye," with a keen interest in detail, and it may be noted that a marked improvement in the standard of the institutions has been coincident with the rise of women Guardians to positions of responsibility as chairmen of committees and of boards. How are these women to be replaced? As contrasted with two thousand women on Boards of Guardians, there are less than 100 on County Councils; indeed, something like seventeen of these Councils have no women members at all. For reasons into which I cannot enter here, election to County Councils is specially difficult for women. Co-option on a wide scale is unsatisfactory from every point of view. Is there any solution to this particular problem on the lines of taking the management of institutions away from elected bodies which are fairly easy of access to women candidates, and giving it as an additional task to bodies upon which women are bound to be under-represented?—Yours, &c.,

FLORENCE A. KEYNES.

Cambridge.

December 31st, 1926.

ANTI-VIVISECTION

SIR,—(1) I agree with Mrs. Bell that "not even a professor of physiology would dare to sneer" at Browning, Ruskin, Westcott or others, so long as they stuck to their proper jobs. Even a professor of physiology, however, might protest if such otherwise estimable people were to lay down the law on matters of which they were ignorant. He might also be able to set against their opinions those of many others who have served and taught mankind at least as well as they.

(2) "The funds of University College Hospital," subscribed "with a view to helping the sick poor" are in no way—as Mrs. Bell would assume—employed in experimental work on animals, or on anything else, either in the Medical School, or in the Faculty of Medical Sciences. The latter is part of the College, not of the Hospital.

(3) My suggestion that stray dogs should be employed, instead of animals purchased from private tradesmen, is not so "impracticable" (Mrs. Bell's adjective) that it cannot be employed in many American cities, or on the Continent of

Europe. Whether it is "cruel" is a matter of opinion, in which Mrs. Bell and I must agree to differ.

(4) What is to happen to stray dogs if they are not to be destroyed? And if the Battersea Home is allowed to destroy them, why not physiologists?

(5) Mr. Smythe's statement that his dog was misused here is untrue, as several responsible eye-witnesses can testify. It was extracted in Court by counsel from a poor, bewildered old man who had been "put up" to the ridiculous prosecution of Professor Verney by an anti-vivisection agency.

(6) Mr. Coutts, in THE TIMES, showed the fallacy of Mr. Coleridge's reasoning. Moreover, if Mr. Coleridge did not imply "that the insulin treatment of diabetes is ineffective," what on earth did he mean?

(7) Does Miss Kidd seriously suppose that physiologists would wish to experiment on murderers? Would she have them brought to the laboratory in sacks? Really, Sir, you should invite Mr. Heath Robinson to illustrate this controversy.—Yours, etc.,

A. V. HILL.

University College, Gower Street, W.C.1.

December 31st, 1926.

SIR,—The obsessions of those who write against "vivisection" make an interesting psychological study. Professor A. V. Hill has dealt with some of them: the letter of Mrs. Bell, in your issue of January 1st, calls attention to another. That letter accepts the reported evidence of Frederick Smythe in order to suggest that the dogs in the kennels at University College are not properly treated. Those who were in court will remember that much of Mr. Smythe's evidence was put into his mouth by his counsel, and was contradicted by Mr. Smythe himself in cross-examination by Professor Verney's counsel.

In the presence of three other people, I saw Mr. Smythe's dog returned to him: if "bouncing" and "crawling" are synonymous words, then, and then only, would "crawl" be the right word to apply. At the time of the return of the dog, I received Mr. Smythe's effusive thanks for the "courtesy and kindness" with which he had been treated, and a warm handshake, together with an offer to pay for the dog's keep for the week-end. Mr. Smythe is an old man, and doubtless in the worry and fuss connected with a prosecution, which, as the Magistrate said, "ought never to have been brought," has doubtless forgotten these things.

I regret that I do not follow the point about the number of dogs, nor do I see the connection with subscriptions to University College Hospital. The administration and finance of the College Laboratories are quite independent of the Hospital, and the Hospital of them. "The sick poor" who are helped at University College Hospital, and, indeed, at any other hospital, benefit alike from the advances made in medical treatment through the experiments on living animals.

The net result of the argument would seem, therefore, to be that those who wish to help "the sick poor" should subscribe both to the Hospital and to the Physiological Laboratories.—Yours, &c.,

GREGORY FOSTER.

University College, London.

January 1st, 1927.

SIR,—One of the objects of Professor Hill's article was to point out "the anomalous state of the law." It certainly is anomalous. Professor Hill says, "according to the law responsible persons duly licensed by the Home Office are permitted to make these experiments on dogs. They are made under extreme precautions, and are subject to frequent inspection by the Home Office." May I state four official facts?

(1) There were in 1925 in Great Britain 267 places licensed for vivisection.

(2) There were 1,091 persons licensed as vivisectors.

(3) There were carried out 209,014 experiments.

(4) The Inspectorate numbered three till March, 1926, when one of them, himself an ex-vivisectioner, resigned—now there are two.

Under the Act (which was passed in 1876) only one person has been prosecuted for a breach of its provisions;

such irregularities as have been reported have not been made public by the Home Office until the period during which prosecution could take place has expired.

Until a few months ago Sir Rose Bradford, one of the most distinguished of living vivisectioners, was a member of the Advisory Board which assists the Home Secretary in selecting Inspectors.

In these circumstances your readers can easily appraise the effectiveness of the "extreme precautions" and of the "frequent inspection by the Home Office." The facts, as put into the mouth of the Home Secretary, are the statements and returns of the vivisectioners themselves.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST PARKE.

Kineton.

January 3rd, 1926.

SIR,—No one, whether an upholder in theory of vivisection or not, who has lived upon terms of mutual affection and trust with a dog, but must view with pain and even horror the idea of its passing into the hands of a vivisectioner. Hardly any such owners would not wish to spare others from the distress from which they shrink themselves. The desire to prevent the stealing of dogs for the laboratory is, therefore, almost unanimous. But anti-vivisectionists and genuine humanitarians are more concerned with the suffering—perhaps prolonged, perhaps intense—of the dog under severe experiment, than they are with the pain of the owner haunted by the thought of the possible agony that a canine friend may be enduring under vivisection. To these people new safeguards against dog stealing bring a very limited comfort. To them the claim of stray dogs to the most merciful death available is paramount to any other consideration. No one who has come across a lost dog that has been for some time adrift in the streets but must have understood something of its misery and grief and desolation. It would, indeed, be terrible to think that such unfortunates should be marked out as a class particularly suitable for laboratory experiments.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY COX.

"Glenelin," Church Stretton, Salop.

SIR,—As the Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. who arrested the dog-thief, Hewett, I should like to correct the statement made by Professor A. V. Hill, concerning the two Irish terriers that, when released from the sack, "it took several men some time to catch them." The dogs lay upon the pavement; one was totally unable to move. It was the man, not the dogs, who ran away.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN CURLEY.

Denning Road, Hampstead, N.W.

January 4th, 1927.

CONSISTENCY

SIR,—A not very edifying discussion on this subject, begun by the amiable Mr. Ponsonby, and, apparently, concluded by the trenchant Mr. Mosley, has appeared in the TIMES. The subject is of vital importance, if discussed generally, and not specially applied to the Labour Party. The consciences of wealthy members of that party are their own affair, and, in so far as they advocate measures which might tend to reduce their wealth, such advocacy should be imputed for righteousness. But most candidates for public offices, whatever their convictions may be, profess and call themselves Christians. The term Christianity covers diverse opinions, but, at the bottom of all, there is the principle that self must be not first but last. It does not necessarily follow that it is the duty of each individual Christian to divest himself of his wealth, but the question of self-regarding expenditure is one of great gravity. A Quaker friend entering the Reform Club with Bright, exclaimed, "John, how can we be Christians if we live in palaces such as this?" Bright's answer is not recorded. On the other hand, a friend of mine, recently deceased, who left a large fortune, mainly for public objects, once submitted his business position to his Adult School Class and asked them whether he ought to go on with it or retire. They unanimously decided for going on. The only general principle which suggests itself to me in considering the present "sorry scheme of things" is that the formation of a public opinion adverse to lavish personal expenditure would be all to the good.—Yours, &c.,

C. W.

THE TWO IMPRESSIONISMS

By CLIVE BELL.

THE outcry against Impressionism is supposed to have reached its top note—on which it rested a dozen years—in 1877, the year in which the group finally accepted the name imposed contemptuously in '74. By 1888—the year in which Renoir changed his style and Seurat was first heard of—any picture that looked odd to the milkman was called "impressionist," just as to-day any picture that looks so to a Cabinet Minister is called "futurist." Even people enjoying subtler powers of analysis than those with which milkmen and Ministers are commonly blessed were then in the habit of calling "impressionist" two totally different kinds of painting; and even to-day the distinction between what—to preserve a useful label—I shall call "impressionist painting" and "impressionist illustration" is by no means perfectly appreciated. Yet appreciated it must be if we are to understand the movement that dominated the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

The impressionists proper of the first generation were, according to Geoffroy, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Sisley, Marie Braquemond, and Gillaumin. All were revolutionaries, or believed that they were; for all were in violent reaction against official teaching. As early as 1868 Claude Monet, meeting in the studio of Gleyre—who taught his pupils never to paint what they saw and always to have the antique in mind—Renoir, Sisley, and Bazille (who was killed in 1871) persuaded his

new friends to fly "ce funeste enseignement." All the Impressionists proper were plainairistes; all discountenanced the use of arranged light; all subscribed, more or less, to the doctrine of the scientific palette, the division of tones, and complementary colours. They professed to render the truth and nothing else. Our visual experience—has not science said it?—consists of sensations caused by light: colour merges into colour, bounding lines, like perspective, are mere intellectual makeshifts: let us be true to our sensations. Sooner or later the question was bound to arise: "Are you so sure that sensational truth is the end of art?" And when it arose—Cézanne, Seurat, and Gauguin had a hand in raising it—the bottom was bound to fall clean out of impressionist dogma. But we are still in '88, and the end is not yet.

Had the first batch of Impressionists been theorists merely, had they not been great painters as well, needless to say their dubious science would have served them no better than moral nostrums served the Pre-Raphaelites. But since artists in revolt against current doctrine must needs have a creed of some sort, this quasi-scientific stuff did as well as anything else—though Renoir, I surmise, found it always a trifle abstruse. For the rest, it was their disconcerting sincerity perhaps as much as the novelty of their theories which earned them after 1871 the name of "communards," just as, since 1917, any young artist of conviction has stood a good chance of being called "Bolshevist." Not until 1877 did they become sufficiently

group-conscious to accept a more definite name; then they accepted the one offered in '74 by the Paris *CHARIVARI*—a journal notorious then, as its British namesake is still, for consistent hostility to all that is original and fine in art or thought—which dubbed them derisively *Impressionnistes*.

The best of the young writers, because they were themselves intelligent and sensitive, recognized in *pleinairisme* a sympathetic manifestation, and stood up for it accordingly. But it would be asking a good deal of men of letters to expect them to appreciate fully and at first sight anything so purely pictorial as a landscape by Monet or Pissarro. Mallarmé, to be sure, of a landscape by the former, said charmingly, "*C'est aussi expressif que le sourire de la Joconde*." But I like better Pissarro's own retort to a literary critic who extolled, at Pissarro's expense, the elevated and elevating character of Millet's peasants—"Oui, Millet est biblique, moi, je ne suis que hébreu." Could irony be more illuminating? But when the men of letters wished to praise impressionism—and they praised it abundantly and to some purpose (the critics and writers played a notable part in opening the eyes of the public, or creating a new *snobisme*—whichever way you like to put it) it was to the other side of the movement, to Impressionist illustration, or Naturalism, that they turned instinctively. Wherefore, pretty often, they commended the *pleinairistes* for virtues not their own—for characterization, psychological subtlety, irony even—qualities on which Degas or Toulouse-Lautrec might justly be congratulated, but which cannot reasonably be attributed to Renoir or Sisley.

Theory apart, it was from Corot and Courbet, Turner and Delacroix that the *pleinairistes* derived inspiration. Between '55 and '65 Pissarro was in the habit of styling himself "*élève de Corot*"; and how much Renoir owed to Courbet is apparent not only in his early work. In the Petit Palais there is a *Baignade* by Courbet in which you will find, in a pose which Renoir has meditated to some purpose, that very red-haired, white-skinned woman which in work of Renoir's middle period has become a signature almost. Now in the productions of the Illustrators, or Naturalists—Degas, Lautrec, Raffaelli, Forain, and the miserable Steinlen (Cheret was a brilliant illustrator, but hardly a naturalist)—I find no reference whatever to Corot or Courbet. Their masters were Japan, Manet to some extent, and that school of novelists called "*naturalist*": from Constantin Guys also they learnt something. Indeed, "*naturalist*" is, I think, the best name for this group, which was modern rather than impressionist: only, the best of both wings, being sincere and personal, had an air of being novel and startling, and the great public had made up its mind to call whatever was new and startling *impressionniste*, or rather (as Geoffroy tells us) for reasons known only to themselves *impressionnaliste*.

Japanese painting was discovered somewhere about 1860; and at the London exhibition of '62 European painters began to take intelligent notice. A little later a Japanese shop, *La Porte Chinoise*, was opened in the rue de Rivoli. It became a meeting place for a knot of alert people, artists and amateurs, of whom by far the most important was Degas. Degas was never a rebel. Ingres—anathema to the young *pleinairistes*—was from first to last his idol. Always his ambition had been to draw like Ingres. At his death were found in his studio several paintings by the master and a collection of superb drawings (of the former one is in the National Gallery, and of the drawings one of the finest is in the collection of Mr. Maynard Keynes). But for all his classical predilections Degas had a restless modern mind; and Japan, without

shocking his veneration for line, satisfied his taste for modernity. It was from Japanese prints he acquired that surprising method of composition, that habit of looking at the motif from an odd angle—from right above or below for instance; and Japanese is that frankness of vision which accepts oddities as a matter of course, which allows one to make the muzzle of a bassoon or an opera-hat, jutting up in front of the proscenium, the foreground of a picture. The unexpectedness of Degas's designs has been attributed to a study of instantaneous photographs; possibly some were suggested by photographs, but it was Japanese prints which gave him the idea of turning a photograph into an aesthetically effective pattern. A passion for truth, common to the best of his generation—painters, writers, and men of science—impelled him to see things as they were, and not as painters were expected to see them. Instead, however, of seeing the world as Monet saw it, as a congeries of multi-coloured masses melting into each other, Degas, not less truthfully, saw it as a pattern—an almost flat pattern sometimes; and this way of seeing he got from Japan.

In one sense the art of Degas may be fairly called "*instantaneous*." It is not that his drawings are like photographs, but that he delights in seizing movement and rendering it, not by a generalized version, but in the ungainly exactitude of an arrested gesture. Renoir likewise was fond of catching an instant (witness "*La balançoire*," "*Les parapluies*"), but Renoir gives always a generalized sense of a particular situation, which for him is in fact a mere means to lovely colour and form; whereas Degas arrests a movement and petrifies it. He is interested in the character which nature rather than imaginative conception gives to things. The strangeness of his design is the strangeness of fact. Closeness to truth has little or nothing to do with the appeal of the *pleinairistes*' masterpieces; their genius dwelt in those unexplored places where vision is transmuted into pictorial conception, whereas the genius of Degas was as an electric spark between his astounding eye and unfaltering finger-tips. Degas was not a pantheist; he was not in love with the beauty of the world in which he lived; he was fascinated by its oddity. We are getting pretty close, you perceive, to Zola, Edmond de Goncourt, and Maupassant. You may deny that the art of Degas was literary while admitting that it was much more comprehensible to writers than that of the impressionists proper. Easily nimble-witted contemporaries could retranslate his drawings into life and so read into them the sort of comment they themselves were making in prose and verse. That amazing study of a tired washerwoman, yawning with her hands behind her head—who is she but the outworn mother of Nana hit off in a different medium? Degas, like the writers, was a renderer of character of a precise and remorseless impartiality hitherto unknown; only, being a draughtsman, it was the characteristic bodily movement, not the mental, he pinned and exhibited. Also, to render it, instead of going round and describing as Stendhal or Proust might have done, he looked for an essential, tell-tale gesture, and dashed that down. He was a realist after the manner of Maupassant—*le mot juste*. He observed life as it came, and recorded his observations with such strength and economy that by sheer intensity his impression became art. For all their unexpectedness, his drawings are, we say, "*exactly like*": and they are like, not as photographs but as brilliant similes—"the snot green sea."

So, while the *pleinairistes* were finding beauty in everything, converting it into adorable paint by the traditional elaborations of European art, and imposing their polychromatic vision on the age, the impressionist illustrators—rightly styled "*impressionist*" in that they sought to catch and realize an impression—were following rather

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literature and the tendency of contemporary thought. The painters, exploiting passionately the heritage of Courbet and Corot, Turner, Constable, Delacroix and the eighteenth century, were wresting beauty from contemporary life and expressing it "en petites taches": the illustrators, armed by science and inspired by Japan, were saying in line and colour—especially in line—the sort of things the novelists were saying in prose. Doubtless these were the recognizable children of their age and country. In 1859 Darwin had begun knocking the bottom out of the pet beliefs and consolations of post-revolutionary Europe; in 1871 France had been conquered and Paris entered by Prussians before being burnt by communists; it was the morning after the orgy of neo-Napoleonic optimism, and throughout the 'seventies and 'eighties France was disillusioned and bitter. While the plainairistes, unconcerned, were finding beauty in things hitherto reckoned ugly—trains, steamboats, omnibuses, factories, and stove-pipe hats—the illustrators, closer far to public sentiment and the mind of the boulevards, were finding ugliness in things hitherto reckoned beautiful, *e.g.*, the human form, the female form, divine. And I hardly know whether good citizens will be glad or sorry to hear that, whereas the work of these socially minded but savage critics—Degas, Lautrec, Raffaelli, Forain—owes some, and even much, of its effect to cleverness merely, the works of those cheerful but detached and uncivic plainairistes are, more often than not, models of æsthetic respectability.

LIFE WITHIN LIFE

By C. M. YONGE.

COMPLEX though the study of plants and animals may be, yet one thing is clear; nothing lives unto itself, life is a great organic unity whose multitudinous members are entirely dependent the one on the other. In some cases this interdependence is not apparent on the surface although a more careful examination will always reveal it, in others there are definite associations, two entirely different creatures being dependent on one another for food, shelter or reproduction, while finally there is a still more intimate partnership in which the members live in the closest possible relationship—one form of life actually within another. This, of course, may take the form of parasitism, in which case the advantage is entirely on the side of the parasite, but it may also be to the mutual advantage of the organisms concerned, and it then receives the name of "symbiosis" from Greek words meaning to live together. So intimate may be this type of partnership and so great the mutual need of the members that they are unable to exist apart. The unravelling of these intertwined threads of life has provided one of the most fascinating chapters in the book of biology as an account of two of the most interesting examples will perhaps indicate.

The termites or "white ants" are a group of insects which live in organized communities, like the true ants or the bees, with various types of individuals or "castes"—workers, soldiers, &c. The majority of them live on wood and do so much damage to buildings in the tropics as to constitute a serious pest. It is invariably the case that when these termites are opened their stomachs are found packed with minute unicellular animals or protozoa. Their presence was for a long time a mystery, but by a series of very ingenious experiments it has recently been discovered by an American scientist that it is possible to kill all the protozoa without damaging the termites in which they live, and that, as a result, the termites are no longer able to extract nourishment from wood; they eat it as hungrily

as before, but they are unable to live on it, and, in a few weeks, all are dead.

He then proceeded to examine the protozoa and found extremely minute fragments of wood within them, some of which were apparently being digested. Since he also knew that the protozoa could live indefinitely in termites fed exclusively on wood, but died when the termites were given other food, he came to the inevitable conclusion that it was the protozoa and *not* the termites which digested the wood.

It is clear from these experiments that we have here to do with a perfect example of symbiosis between two very different types of animals. The protozoa cannot exist apart from the termites, and only within them when the latter are feeding on wood, while at the same time the termites cannot live on the wood without the help of the protozoa which digest it for them. So both parties gain by the arrangement; the protozoa are sheltered and provided with their especial food by the termites which, in their turn, are enabled to live on wood which they cannot digest for themselves but which the protozoa digest for them.

To turn to a very different animal and a still more interesting case of symbiosis. There lives on the sandy shores of northern Brittany and the Channel Islands a little flatworm, only one-eighth of an inch long and bright green in colour—like the tiny fragment of a leaf. It occurs in large colonies which form green patches on the yellow sand, and is an animal of the most regular habits, suddenly appearing from beneath the sand immediately after the tide has left it and disappearing just before the sea returns. This little creature is known as *Convoluta*, and its peculiar structure and mode of life have been very carefully studied. It has been found that the green colour is due to the presence in the tissues of a vast number of minute plant cells which are not present in the egg, but with which the animals become infected in the early stages of development; if they are kept free from infection by artificial means they cannot develop properly and soon die.

Like all other plants the green cells are able to form starch out of water and carbon dioxide with the aid of sunlight, and a great deal of the starch is handed over to the animal. Although it is able to feed in the usual way in early life, *Convoluta* soon finds that it is much simpler to depend entirely on the starch from the green cells, and as a result of disuse its digestive organs degenerate so that it can no longer, even if it so wishes, feed like a normal animal. This is the explanation of its regular habits, for, in order to obtain the sunshine without which the green cells cannot do their work, it has to expose itself to the full glare of the sun for as long as possible.

In time, however, the green cells are unable to supply the growing needs of the animal which begins to feed on them so that they gradually disappear, and at this stage a *Convoluta* presents the strange appearance of an animal with a green head and a white tail. Finally, having killed its best friends, the little flatworm pines away and dies, though not before it has laid great numbers of eggs which will maintain the race.

Here we have a case of union between animal and plant. It is perhaps hardly so perfect an example of symbiosis as the other because, though the plant receives both shelter and supplies of certain necessary foods from the worm, it is eventually destroyed: while the worm receives food from the green cells, but not enough, and so is forced to destroy the very organism on which its life depends. Moreover, though *Convoluta* is absolutely dependent on the green cells, they are quite capable of living freely in the sea. But for the greater part of their life together, *Convoluta* and its green cells represent one of the most remarkable cases of symbiosis of which we have knowledge.

THE DRAMA

"SCRAP THE LOT"

Palladium: "Aladdin."

Victoria Palace: "The Windmill Man."

Apollo: "Puss in Boots."

Everyman: "Brer Rabbit."

THE unseasonable quotation which appears as title to this article is used in no unchristian spirit: still less is it meant to suggest that no pleasure can be procured from the various so-called Christmas Entertainments, which, with many differing measures of success, have been beckoning to Londoners during the last three weeks. It is obviously impossible for the most hardworking of critics to pull, in person, more than a very few plums from the Christmas pudding; and perhaps, as the plums vary in quality, he may not have lit on the most succulent. Still, it is to be hoped that the four entertainments detailed above may at any rate serve as a peg on which to hang a little philosophy.

It seems to be assumed that the theatres must do something special at Christmas time. The public, as well as unwillingly buying presents, must also go unwillingly to the theatre, and find Christmas cheer there. But what is the nature of this entertainment to be? There is a theory lurking in the back of men's minds that children ought particularly to be considered, and that the Christmas pantomime is in some way an entertainment for children. The old Christmas pantomime is now in full decadence. "Aladdin" at the "Palladium," is the only entertainment the least like the real thing; and it is difficult to see how children could get any pleasure from it whatever beyond the mere fact of being in the theatre, which children, unlike most grown-up people, do in fact find pleasurable. "Aladdin" is what the French call a "revue à grand spectacle." But at the Casino de Paris or the Moulin Rouge the revues really are "à grand spectacle," because they run a year, and so can be really expensive. To begin with, "Aladdin," as any grown-up can see, is done on the cheap. In addition, however, to its spectacular side, "Aladdin" is traditional. The wicked uncle is dressed vaguely as Mr. Micawber, and his back-chat with the Widow Twankey is well-nigh interminable, and, to my mind, quite intolerable. Still it is a pretty good imitation of the old Drury Lane pantomime, as I just remember it about thirty years ago. But "Aladdin" is the ghost of a ghost of a ghost, and could profitably be scrapped. The nineteenth century is dead. Perhaps this is a pity; certainly the twentieth century has done little so far to justify its existence. But children, at any rate, belong of necessity to the twentieth century, and their feelings might be considered. But the grown-ups belong to the twentieth century too. The old pantomime was based on the old music-hall, which has vanished in the last twenty years, carrying with it a tradition, both of genius and stupidity. Its survival after death in "Aladdin" is a tragedy rather than a miracle.

The "Windmill Man" is a far better entertainment. Here, far less of the old Christmas pantomime is left, and what there is, an occasional cat and donkey seemed to me rather an embarrassment than an aid to the company. For the entertainment was more ballet than pantomime, and hence more in touch with the sensibility of the age. I was not surprised to see an arrangement of the Wooden Soldiers. This is, now, only to be expected: but I confess to a little amazement at a version of "Les Matelots" bringing the house down. Much of the dancing is excellent, the Golliwog dance, particularly, being delightful. Nervous children may be rather frightened by some of the animals in the haunted wood, and others no doubt will thoroughly enjoy the principal boy being a cripple; but their natural morbidity should not be encouraged in this manner. Still "The Windmill Man" is, on the whole, a very enjoyable entertainment, which should give a great deal of pleasure to children, and one only wonders what particularly it has got to do with Christmas.

Mr. Drinkwater has got into rather a mess at the Apollo. He evidently conceives a pantomime as an old, forgotten, far-off thing, which must be revived at all costs,

and this pristine sentimentality imbues his "Puss in Boots" with a sort of wistful anæmia which is not a little tedious. The chorus of landgirls were not very inspiring, and the inevitable cat and donkey were none the better for being a mere literary *rechauffé*. The main virtue of the performance would seem to consist in the fact that children will never be made to feel uncomfortable in the presence of their parents:—

"What I liked about that party was
They were all of them so refined."

And so to "Brer Rabbit" at the Everyman Theatre, where nothing remains of the old Christmas pantomime. The result is an enormous relief for everybody. "Brer Rabbit" is far the best children's play I have seen this Christmas, and the only one to extract from the audience that wholehearted shriek of rapture, which from time to time breaks in to the endless monotony of childhood. "Brer Rabbit" represents in its extreme degree what Mr. Roger Fry calls the Greek or anthropomorphic attitude towards the "brute creation," and the most advanced among us, who search for the "rabbiness of a rabbit" will not find it at the Everyman: most people, however, can only conceive animals in terms of man, and they will be amply satisfied with "Brer Rabbit." But why does the name of Joel Chandler Harris appear nowhere on the programme? This is really carrying theatrical "désinvolture" a little too far.

But I fear that when all is said and done the best children's entertainment is to be found, not in the theatre proper, but in the film "Cinderella," which is an unceasing delight to the eye and the spirit, and this is a circumstance that must give us pause. Let us "scrap the lot" when we are trying to amuse our children, as we do when we are pleasure going ourselves, and call in the latest achievements of the modern world to add to the happiness of a modern Christmas.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

M. KOMISARJEVSKY'S production of "Liliom" by the Hungarian expressionist Ferencz Molnar, at the Duke of York's Theatre, affords one of the most interesting entertainments to be seen in London. This play had a phenomenal success in New York, and a *succès d'estime* in Paris when produced by Pitoëff. It is far less tiresome than the ordinary German expressionist play, being devoid of pretentiousness and sentimentality. The part of "Liliom," the rakish good-for-nothing, symbolizing the man of feeling who cannot come to terms with society, was played by Mr. Ivor Novello, who had been induced by the producer to shed a good many of his gallery-girl tricks, and gave a far more sincere performance than might have been expected. Miss Fay Compton, as the servant-girl wife, was unaffected and moving. The *décor* was very attractive, particularly the scene of the attempted murder by the railway line, which is far the most powerfully conceived passage in the play. "Liliom" can be safely recommended to everybody. It has been announced as a play of unrelieved gloom. As a matter of fact, a good half of the play is purely comic in treatment, and much of the dialogue extremely witty.

The "Cradle Song," which has been transferred to the Little Theatre, is continuing its successful run. The play is as delightful as ever in its new home, and may be recommended once more to everybody.

I did not enjoy "Broadway," the new American farce at the Strand, quite as much as I had hoped to enjoy it. The material is magnificent, the general conception extremely theatrical in the good sense of the word and the acting first-rate. But too little attention has been paid to the writing, and, after all the time has to be filled up between the murders somehow. Still, the society of New York, where Commodus and Mr. Spurgeon are present in equal strength, is so fantastic that, from a historical point of view, the play could hardly be bettered. The street is

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noisy with the war of rival bootleggers: assassination is a daily occupation in every night club: and high-minded detectives gladly, and it must be confessed reasonably, wink at murder. And all for what? To prevent grown-up people drinking a bottle of Chablis? Which is worse: that Governments will take so much trouble to prevent people getting a drink, or that people will go mad if they cannot get it? Such questions, as Diderot says, are matter for torture to philosophers.

One of the first ventures of Mr. C. B. Cochran's management of the Albert Hall is the showing there, for one week, of the new German film version of "Faust," made by the Ufa Company, and directed by F. W. Murnau. The titles, which have the merit of brevity and conciseness, have been written by Mr. Arnold Bennett, and the music, played by a large orchestra assisted at intervals by a choir of forty voices, was arranged by Sir Landon Ronald. The film story is said to be based on Goethe's "Faust": actually it is taken from the various legends, and Goethe's philosophy is considerably popularized, to say the least. Apart from this, however, and from certain vulgarizations which even the most intelligent film-producers seem to find it necessary to introduce, the film is a remarkable and stirring achievement. The settings and photography are full of imagination, never dull, and at times exciting—as when Faust, his youth restored, is whirled through the air and shown the pleasures and pomps of the earth by Mephisto. The acting, too, is excellent. Emil Jannings is a devil with a sense of humour, a dangerous buffoon; Goesta Ekman is excellent in the part of Faust, both as an old and a young man; Camilla Horn is attractive and simple as Marguerite; and Yvette Guilbert gives an amusing rendering of Martha, Marguerite's aunt: her flirtation with Mephisto is one of the best things in the film.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—
Saturday, January 8.—Mrs. Alfred Sutro's Exhibition of Pastels of France, at the Leicester Galleries.
Sunday, January 9.—Mr. C. Delisle Burns on "Doing Good and Doing Business," at 11, at South Place.
Monday, January 10.—British National Opera Company's season begins, Golders Green Hippodrome.
Thursday, January 13.—Professor Julian S. Huxley on "Biology," at 5.30, at King's College.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

DISRAELI THE NOVELIST

THE first three volumes of "The Bradenham Edition" of Disraeli's novels and tales (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d. each volume; 12 guineas the set) have already been published: "Vivian Grey," "The Young Duke," and "Popanilla and Other Tales." The books are well printed on good paper and are handsomely bound in black and gold with an appropriate peacock upon the cover. In these days of high priced books, their price is remarkably low. The enterprise is, indeed, much to be commended, but it is also a great, and at first sight rather surprising, testimony to Disraeli's power as a novelist. "Vivian Grey" was first published exactly 100 years ago, the work of a boy of twenty-one. It is difficult to think of any novelist not in the highest class whose work would stand the test of a complete edition a century after its publication. Are we, then, to conclude that Disraeli is a novelist of the highest class? The question, when asked about most writers, is extremely easy to answer, but in Disraeli's case it is very difficult, and many critics have adopted the safe maxim of sitting firmly on the fence.

* * *

Sir Leslie Stephen, after reviewing Disraeli's claims as a writer, lamented "the degradation of a promising novelist into a Prime Minister." The adjective "promising" is characteristic of Sir Leslie's critical cautiousness; indeed, the essay, of which these are the final words, might have warranted more enthusiasm in the adjective. But the sentence points to one of the great difficulties in criticizing impartially these novels as novels and as literature. It is almost impossible to disentangle the Prime Minister from the novelist. When reading "Vivian Grey," for instance, the book claims our interest from two opposite angles at the same time. Biographically and psychologically it is a fascinating study of the mind of a youth of twenty-one which later was to suffer the degradation of becoming the mind of the Prime Minister, "der alte Jude" ("das ist der Man!"), the Earl of Beaconsfield. When Vivian Grey soliloquizes: "Mankind, then, is my great game," or "A smile for a friend, and a sneer for the world, is the way to govern mankind"; or when Cleveland, the experienced statesman, says to the youthful Vivian:—

"Of all the delusions which flourish in this mad world, the delusion of that man is the most frantic who voluntarily, and of his own accord, supports the interest of a party. I mention this to you because it is the rock on which all young politicians strike. . . . If, by any chance, you find yourself independent and unconnected, never, for a moment, suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward, unsolicited, to fight the battle of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal; or crossing themselves for the unexpected succour, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion. No, Grey; make them fear you, and they will kiss your feet. There is no act of treachery or meanness of which a political party is not capable; for in politics there is no honour;"

it is impossible not to think of the career of the political adventurer who became a Prime Minister, to whom mankind was so obviously a game, and whose feet were so enthusiastically kissed by the Tories and aristocrats when eventually he had taught them to fear him.

The biographical-prophetical interest in the early novels is so great that one might easily slip into the error of thinking that it is only because the novelist became a Prime Minister that his novels are publishable and readable to-day. This is certainly not the case. For a great statesman's works to live for a hundred years on the scale of a "Complete Edition," they must have an artistic value in themselves (or a permanent philosophical or political value)—otherwise some enterprising publisher would be offering us the Collected Works of Mr. Gladstone. And difficult though it be to disentangle the novelist from the Prime Minister in Disraeli, it can be done; when it is done, the adjective "promising" gives to the novelist far less than he deserves. Even "Vivian Grey" has much more than promise in it, as is shown by the fact that it is over 200,000 words in length and yet can be read from cover to cover in 1926. At its best, its intelligence, vivacity, wit, and "reality" are extraordinary. At its worst, one is tempted to say that it is inconceivably puerile. It is wiser not to yield to the temptation. Even at the age of twenty-one Disraeli had developed that faculty which Sir Leslie Stephen found to be the most remarkable in his later novels, the faculty of gliding imperceptibly from jest to earnest. That the most gaudy romance had its appeal to Disraeli is certain; but what makes the texture of his novels so remarkable is that fervid romance and cold irony seem continually to be directing his mind, imagination, and emotions simultaneously. Over and over again in "Vivian Grey" and "The Young Duke," when the colours are at their highest, the taste most glaring, and the romance most stilted and hectic, and the youthful Dizzy seems to be revelling in this rodomontade, and you feel that the book is becoming a cross between the worst exhibitionism of the Romantic revival and the day-dreams of a penny novelette, there is a sudden flicker of the heavy eyelids and you catch a hint of that sardonic half smile of the future Earl of Beaconsfield.

* * *

Disraeli had a vein of intense seriousness in him. The amount of serious thought which underlies "Vivian Grey" and much of the absurd farrago of "The Young Duke" is astonishing, especially when one considers the age and experience of the writer. But his seriousness is so interwoven with his peculiar irony that it is almost impossible to be certain that he is ever quite serious about his absurdities. When Vivian Grey says to Lady Madeleine: "My youth flourished in the unwholesome sultriness of a blighted atmosphere, which I took for the resplendent brilliancy of a summer day," and when later on "he gave a loud shriek and fell on the lifeless body of VIOLET FANE!" I am not quite sure whether the mocking smile is or is not upon the lips of Benjamin Disraeli. Some people do not like this uncertainty, but I confess that I do. It makes "The Young Duke," for instance, for me a much better novel than most critics allow. Indeed, I do not think the critics are fair to the early works of Disraeli. "Popanilla" has been described by a recent writer as a "dull satire," and an excuse and apology are found in the health of the author. I cannot see that any excuse is required, for the satire is nearly always amusing, often brilliant, and occasionally profound.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

DR. CODEX

Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, 1723-1748. A Study in Politics and Religion in the Eighteenth Century. By NORMAN SYKES. (Oxford University Press. 21s.)

In a dark corner in all well-equipped theological libraries in England there repose two folio volumes (often, *horresco referens*! bound in one) 1st edition, 1713, 2nd, much enlarged, 1761, entitled "Codex Juris Ecclesiastici Anglicani, or the Statutes, Constitutions, Canons, Rubrics, and Articles of the Church of England, methodically digested under proper heads, with a Commentary historical and juridical."

This work, though one which no student over seventy, already turned pale by his never-resting pursuit of the question, "What became of the Church of England after her Reformation?" can be advised to take up or down from the shelf without invoking bodily assistance, is still a book of great authority and reputation, and one that secured for its learned and methodical digester the honourable nickname, *Dr. Codex*, by which he was known by friends and foes for more than thirty years of a strenuous and virtuous life.

In his day and generation Dr. Gibson was one of the best known and most abused, both in prose and villainous rhyme, of all our Hanoverian Prelates, and yet until the courageous and thoroughly well-informed Dr. Sykes took up his pen no regular life of Gibson has ever appeared. We cannot profess to wonder that this should be so, for in addition to all the other difficulties that beset the man who sits down to write the life of another fellow-sinner he never even saw, and who has been in his grave not far short of two hundred years, two especial difficulties confronted Dr. Sykes. The first difficulty was the Period; and the second the Man.

Dr. Gibson's period of clerical and episcopal energy was when the first two Georges and their ugly German harlots reigned over us, and when, for a number of years, Dr. Codex was credited or discredited with being Sir Robert Walpole's "Bishop-maker"—just as many years later in our "island-story" Lord Shaftesbury played the same role to that volatile yet virile statesman, Lord Palmerston.

Now, this Georgian period is not an engaging one for a clerical biography; and what makes Dr. Sykes's task the harder, is that the "general reader," into whose hands alone this admirable book is likely to fall, will probably have already derived a prejudice almost amounting to hatred against this very period, from the famous essay of Mark Pattison's on the "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750," which, though appearing for the first time in 1860, between the covers of a forgotten book, now shines for ever brightly in its writer's "Collected Essays," 2 vols., Oxford, 1889.

No single essay on such a subject has made so lasting an impression upon the mind and memory of the "general reader," to whose continued existence we cling, although every day we come across people who seem either to have read nothing or forgotten everything.

The next difficulty in Dr. Sykes's way was the man himself. Here, again, our imaginary "general reader," rubs his eyes, and bethinks himself of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second," 2 vols., 1848, and on taking them down refreshes his memory with a vivacious and spiteful account of this very Bishop of London. Lord Hervey is not to be trusted, and Dr. Sykes has small difficulty in convicting his lordship of downright falsehood and calumny—none the less, Hervey succeeds in drawing a picture of Dr. Gibson never likely to be obliterated. Neither Dr. Gibson's period nor Dr. Gibson himself are attractive. All the more credit is therefore due to Dr. Sykes for tackling and redressing Dr. Codex, and presenting him to us as he appeared in full canonicals at St. James's.

Let us now consider Edmund Gibson a little more closely. He was born in Westmorland in 1669, and died in Bath in 1748—worn out by hard work. He came of an educated

stock, and had an uncle who had married a daughter of the Lord Protector Richard Cromwell. He received a magnificent education at the humble grammar school in the parish of Bampton under a famous teacher, at a time when in Westmorland there was a good grammar school, so at least Bishop Watson, who knew the county far better than he did his own diocese of Llandaff, avers, "under every crag"; so that when, in 1686, Gibson went up to Queen's College, Oxford, he was hailed as a miracle of learning. Gibson, whose family were somewhat impoverished, was maintained at Queen's as servitor to the Provost, a humble position of small emoluments, now divided between two Bible Clerks. 1686 was a lively time to be in residence at Oxford, for the luckless James had just begun his assault upon the Church of England in her strongest camp. He had imposed a Romanist Dean upon the Canons of Christ Church, and had dispensed the Master and Fellows of University College from all obligation to attend and perform the services of the Book of Common Prayer. He then turned his attention to Magdalen College, where his arbitrary proceedings have been read by millions with tingling ears in some of Macaulay's most animated pages.

Yet it was in this same University, so wantonly and ferociously attacked, that the twin Doctrines, once so dear to the Church of England, and so vital to the House of Stuart, of Divine Right and Passive Obedience, that "very doctrine of the Cross" to which the pious Ken clung so tenaciously to the last, were still held with the faith and fervour that subsequently led an Archbishop and six of his brethren on the Episcopal Bench to suffer, if not actual martyrdom, yet legal eviction from house and home, and thus to give rise to the prolonged schism of the Non-Jurors.

Queen's College must in 1686-7-8 have been an even livelier place than Oriel in Newman's time. Dr. Sykes rather smugly remarks, "for a time Edmund Gibson was in danger of being carried away by the passion of an indiscriminating legitimism," but how legitimism can be discriminating is somewhat of a puzzle. Anyhow, Gibson was so puzzled that in 1690 he was prevented from taking his degree by his scruples about taking the necessary oaths of allegiance to William and Mary; but in the following year he had got over his doubts, being saved, so his biographer assures us, from "an unfruitful secession by his independence of spirit and sobriety of judgment." But the Non-Jurors did not forgive him quite so easily, and old Thomas Hearne, that sturdy Jacobite, carried his contempt so far as to deny, long after 1713, that he had ever so much as seen the "Codex Juris Anglicani."

When once Gibson had got over his early fit of High Churchism, he left no traces of it behind him, but became at once the most confirmed of Whigs, accepted *cum animo* the Protestant Succession, and professed a passion for the Establishment and a hatred of the Church of Rome that would have satisfied Parson Thwackum. As for the Dissenters, who much to his amazement so obstinately refused to come into the fold, he was prepared to give them the full benefit of the Act of Toleration of 1689. Just so far, and not an inch further; indeed, he marvelled at their impudence in ever demanding more.

Politically considered, Gibson's position at this period was a sound one. He regarded the Revolution Settlement, and the Establishment, as the only bulwarks against another Restoration and the Church of Rome or Infidelity. As for "intellectual freedom," he never gave it a thought—he was not a man of ideas, he had not one in his head, but he foresaw dangers with a clear vision.

A man of strict life, with a strong dash of Puritanism in his make-up, he must have hated the two Georges from the bottom of his heart, but though it was not for him to lay critical hands on the Lord's Anointed, who had made him a Father in God, he tried his best to put down vice and immorality among the lower orders. He founded Societies with this end in view, and deserves great respect for his labours in establishing Charity Schools; and also for his efforts in endeavouring to propagate Christian knowledge.

Although by the bent of his mind Dr. Gibson was a dry, methodical scholar, with an antiquarian turn, he was almost forced into ecclesiastical prominence by his early acceptance of the post of domestic Chaplain to Archbishop Tenison, and as both that Archbishop and his successor Wake were for different reasons inactive, and in Wake's case for long non

compos, Gibson, as Bishop of London, and for some considerable time *persona grata* with Walpole, became the most powerful of all the prelates.

He had a hard task. The Clergy were for the most part Tories, and half-Jacobites, and though Walpole kept the House of Commons in tolerable order, the Upper House was full of Tories, and, what was worse, of lay Whigs, as irreligious a set of dogs as ever barked at a cassock, and who treated their spiritual brethren with a contempt they took no pains to conceal. This Whig mode of treating Bishops continued down to our time, and would continue now only there are no Whig lords left.

Then at Court, Dr. Codex fared little better. From the King nothing could be expected, though there was something in his contemptuous suggestion that George Whitfield should be made a Bishop, but there was always Queen Caroline, Lady Sundon, and Lord Hervey plotting mischief. All three were admittedly Latitudinarians, possibly Socinians, even Deists, and yet there they were for ever putting spokes into the pious chariot of Dr. Gibson, and seeking to overturn him, as at last they may be said to have succeeded in doing, a sad tale too long to tell, but it can be read in Dr. Sykes's book.

In addition to looking after the diocese of London and securing the ear of Walpole, Gibson, by Royal Warrant, had the American Colonists under his charge. The Episcopalians in America had not a Bishop among them, save for the unwelcome intrusion of two Non-Jurors, and as the Nonconformists were in a great majority, it often happened that even the Clergy were forced to send their children to be educated in dissenting Academies; where, unlike our single-school areas, there was no "conscience clause" to protect youthful innocence. How strange to think such things could ever have been!

The subject of Dr. Gibson's activities and troubles is too large for a review, so we must end by thanking Dr. Sykes for a most interesting biography, and recommending it to the "general reader."

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

MORE ABOUT TOLSTOY

Family Views of Tolstoy. Edited by AYLMER MAUDE. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

TOLSTOY is a man-mountain: one can go clambering about its spurs and ravines, gaze from its peaks, lose one's self in its forests, and feel there is still some unexplored corner; or one may delight in settling down once more upon the solid flank. But those who live up against a mountain very rarely see it, and so this is a disappointing book. We learn far more, not from the geographer, such as Merejkowsky—who, as Mr. Maude rightly says, gives a false impression—but from some interested tourist who has gone filled with curiosity. That is why Gorky's "Reminiscences of Tolstoy" are so illuminating.

It is, of course, not without interest to hear about the original of Natasha in "War and Peace," to read little anecdotes of Tolstoy's humour, or to know what music he liked when he was not writing about art: but somehow we feel that most of this book might have been written about anybody; there is nothing whatever in it to surprise us. The truth is, that people who write about a great man must either be artists themselves, or must be moved by some profound clash, either with the man himself, or within themselves on account of the man. The last is what has happened in the last chapter of this book, "Tolstoy's Home-Leaving and Death," by his daughter Alexandra.

The subject is eternally moving: it is a drama in which man's profoundest instincts are involved, and this chapter about the famous "going away" is full of those touches of humanity which colour the scenes of a drama, those petty, pitiful animal reactions out of which the god in man emerges. For instance, when the news that Tolstoy had left reached his wife, she ran to the pond to drown herself, but just as she reached it she slipped on the washing-platform, and fell down. She tumbled into the water, to be rescued with some difficulty. "And then arrived Semën Nikolaevich, the cook,

who, running on to the platform, slipped and fell down heavily.

" 'I slipped and fell, too,' said my mother."

The poor lady was nearly off her head with distraction, and tried to kill herself several times that day. The doctor was sent for, and made an admirable diagnosis: he detected signs of acute nervous disorder, and said there was some danger of her committing suicide! Molière would have liked that: but it is comic relief with a vengeance.

We already know the Countess's point of view from "The Autobiography of Countess Sophie Tolstoi," translated by Mr. Koteliensky and Mr. Woolf, and this story confirms her account in a curious way, though it is almost silent about Tchertkov, for her the villain of the piece. But it seems clear that Tolstoy did not want to see his wife, who symbolized for him all the values from which he wished to escape. This is her account of her exclusion from his sick-room: "The door of the room was locked, and, when I wanted to get a glimpse of my husband through the window, a curtain was drawn across it." This is how the Countess Alexandra tells presumably the same incident:—

"When he was again brought into the bedroom he looked attentively at the glass door opposite his bed, and asked Varvara Mikhaylovna, who was watching beside him, where that door led to. She replied that it led into the corridor.

" 'And what is there beyond the corridor?'

"She said the ante-room and porch. Just then I entered the room.

" 'Is that door locked?' asked my father, addressing me.

" 'I said it was.

" 'It is strange. I clearly saw from that door two women's faces were looking at me.'

"We said it could not be so. . . . It was evident that he was not satisfied, and he continued to look with anxiety at the glass door. Varvara Mikhaylovna and I took a plaid and screened it.

" 'Ah, now it's all right,' said my father with relief, and turning to the wall was quiet for a while."

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

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DR. CLAPHAM'S ECONOMIC HISTORY

An Economic History of Modern Britain. The Early Railway Age, 1820-1850. By J. H. CLAPHAM. (Cambridge University Press. 25s.)

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the work on which Dr. Clapham is engaged, and of which the first volume is now in our hands. Its value to the professional historian will be immediately recognized and universally acknowledged, although Dr. Clapham may find that it is the penalty of those who enjoy an untarnished reputation as masters of their craft to be told that their supreme achievement is only what their admirers always expected of them. And in truth this book is no surprise. The qualities which gave its author a unique position among British scholars were already well known. The alliance of a first-class mind with indomitable energy and an ever-fresh enthusiasm would suffice to set him in the front rank. His peculiar place in that rank is due to the fact that he combines in himself the economist and the historian with a perfection of balance not before realized among our writers, while at the same time he can move comfortably among the technical problems of a dozen great industries. This gives to his works a realism that we seek in vain elsewhere, and his three volumes on nineteenth-century Britain will be as solid ground to the feet of his successors.

More than half this first volume is devoted to an extensive survey of the Britain of 1820. The lay reader will probably find it too statistical for his taste, but he must not blame the author for this. In no other way could Dr. Clapham realize his object of applying quantitative tests to the qualitative generalizations popularized by those studies of social life in which the historian seems rather to challenge the methods of the economist than to pay them the flattery of imitation. To suggest, however, that in such a survey many pages of difficult print might be saved by a fuller use of maps, diagrams, and tables would be legitimate criticism. In general the design is justified by the results. The crude idea that a revolution, completed between 1760 and 1830, created the modern industrial state, had long been abandoned. It was pointed out, not only that the change had a longer past history, but also that the Britain of 1830 differed as much from that of 1900 as it did from that of 1750, and that if there was one industrial revolution, there must have been several, visiting in turn the various industries of the country until the transformation was complete. But what was the real character of England between the coming of the steam engine and the completion of the first railway system, no one was prepared to say with any degree of clearness.

Dr. Clapham's studies give body to this rather hazy picture. In 1820 the representative Englishman was a countryman. Furthermore, the representative townsman was a craftsman. It is true that, by 1830, the monster cotton industry gave employment to some 400,000 men, women, and children, but the workers, men and boys only, in the unrevolutionized building trades reached the same figure, and there were nearly 50 per cent. more tailors and bootmakers in London alone than there were miners in the Northumberland and Durham coalfields. Secondly, it is shown that, if we are considering industries as distinguished from processes, complete transformation was slow in every case. In 1816, for example, a big cotton manufacturer might employ nine or ten times as many workpeople outside his factories as inside. Such reflections make the sharp distinctions between "before" and "after," "new" and "old," or craftsman and factory hand, disappear into a general picture of infinite diversity and swift, but continuous, evolution.

Dr. Clapham's view of the effect of the changes on the general prosperity of all classes is more cheerful than that of some historians, but he does not deny that the story has its tragedies. Some, like the abuse of apprenticeship in factories, were the result of the survival of old habits into a new age where they were distorted by their changed environment. Others, like the horrors of town life in the 'thirties and 'forties, occurred because industrial invention did not move fast enough, rather than because it moved too fast. Much was due to the proximity of the backward country of Ireland, with its high breeding capacity, which sent its flood of immigrants to drag down the standard of life as fast as

the English could raise it, and sometimes faster. And when the Government sat still and did nothing, it was often not because it believed in doing nothing on principle, but because it could think of nothing to do. Its traditional methods were useless, and it had neither the knowledge nor the ingenuity to frame others.

Dr. Clapham's quantitative method has restored our sense of proportion. The general reader may complain that it has killed economic history. "There is no unity in this story," he may say. "The historian achieves unity by generalization. But the statistician refuses to generalize, and, at the most, will only submit averages. Under such treatment the national life is shattered into fragments that no power can weld into a whole. The book is really a collection of exceedingly able monographs." Perhaps he is right.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF ENFANTIN

The Saint-Simonian Religion in Germany. By E. M. BUTLER. (Cambridge University Press. 21s.)

WHEN people are born with a sense of ultimate reality but without the gift of literary expression they are apt to produce what, at the first glance, looks like a lunatic's synthesis of the religious and philosophical dogma current in his youth. The base metal of the words will be penetrated, however, by something rather like radium—a mysterious elusive element, which, I suppose, is truth. One of these people was the Comte de Saint-Simon. His theories strike one as merely an ill-digested jumble of Condorcet, Newton, and Catholicism. But the radium is there, and the world is still extracting it.

Miss Butler's brilliant book is not concerned with Saint-Simon himself, but with the absurd religion his so-called followers based on their own arbitrary interpretation of his teachings, and with the echoes of that religion in Germany. Really, it does not seem safe to let foreigners loose among abstract ideas. The result is so apt to be Bedlam. The doings of the early Saint-Simonians read like the antics of a comic Frenchman in a farce of genius. For instance, *Enfantin* (the aptly named hierarch of the new cult) at the funeral of his mother summoned to his arms all those among the mourners who had "lost a woman they had loved or by whom they had been loved within the last twelve months." "The invitation," says Miss Butler, "was rapturously accepted." And, though it sounds too good to be true, their main tenets concerned *l'amour* and *ma mère*. *Ma mère* was, indeed, the rock on which their bark finally foundered, for they rashly prophesied the epiphany of a *Mère Suprême*, who was to share Enfantin's spiritual throne, reveal the "code de la pudeur," and, we presume, button up Enfantin's waistcoat for him every morning; for the waistcoats of the Saint-Simonians all buttoned up at the back, as an "ever present reminder of the dependence of man upon his brother." But the months pass on and the *Mère Suprême* does not reveal herself, and, when George Sand and Lady Hester Stanhope have coldly refused to fill the post, the religion peters out in a fruitless search for her through the harems of the Near East. That all these absurd doings resulted in the piercing of the Suez Canal and in the French industrial revolution should cause but little surprise to anyone acquainted with the way things happened in the middle of the last century. It is much more surprising that Enfantin's crazy theories should have solidified into sound and humane doctrines; though, perhaps, he does not deserve much credit for the fact. It was as if he had tossed into the air the pasteboard letters of a child's alphabet and by one chance in a million they had fallen on to the floor in significant phrases: The Emancipation of Women; A Fairer Distribution of Property; The Rehabilitation of the Flesh.

It is these five last words that are the bridge between the two parts of the book, for they were adapted to their own needs by a group of writers known as the "young Germans," each of whom Miss Butler studies in considerable detail. Heine was one of them, and the chapters she devotes to the analysis of the release from his spiritual conflicts that this strange, tortured being found in Enfantin's doctrine of the rehabilitation of the flesh are masterly, and, for the student, the most important part of the book. The four

* *enfantin* = childish

other "young Germans" were, with the exception of Wienborg, merely journalists who took themselves seriously. Miss Butler has no delusions about them, yet each of them gets almost as large a share of her attention as Heine himself. In fact the book suffers as a whole from having grown out of a Fellowship thesis, which is apt to demand the sacrifice of proportion to thoroughness, and, with a dim remembrance of *hybris* and the jealousy of the gods, to prefer that one should choose for one's heroes the most obscure among the men who have escaped complete oblivion. But Miss Butler has an intellect—that indefatigable microbe, which nothing can prevent from fermenting the most unlikely substances. As one reads about Laube and Gutzkow and Mundt one is at the same time learning a great deal about the collective experience, almost frightening in its intensity, of the German intellectuals of the nineteenth century. Also, as Germany has a greater spiritual solidarity than any other country, and a more unbroken stream of tendencies, we close this book with a greater understanding of the peculiar form of wrong-headedness that flourished in Germany in the years immediately preceding the War. Nevertheless, Miss Butler shows such powers of literary discrimination and such a remarkable gift for analyzing motives that one longs to see her turning her attention to one of the great subjects in which everyone is interested. Will she not give us a book on, say, the German Romantic Movement? Freud tells us that in every human soul the analyst arouses a hidden foe. Miss Butler would, in Novalis or Jean Paul, find foemen worthy of her steel.

HOPE MIRRLIES.

THE LAST ENCYCLOPÆDIST

Prosper Mérimée. *A Mask and a Face*. By G. H. JOHNSTONE. (Routledge. 10s. 6d.)

MR. JOHNSTONE in his preface to this essay on Mérimée doubts if there be any *Mériméistes* to be found in England. It is unsafe to assume ignorance in any body of persons, but it is certain that English *Mériméistes* might with advantage be more numerous, if only for the reason that Mérimée is one of the few French writers who have been genuinely fond of England, happy in English homes, and masters of the English tongue. Mr. Johnstone has done well in trying to interest English readers in Mérimée, but we could wish he had written his Biography in a less brilliant style. Mérimée was fond of saying that he was a matter-of-fact man, and he would have preferred a matter-of-fact biography. Passages like the following would have made the exquisitely well-bred author writhe:—

"And long after the blackness of night has cast doubt on the reality of the vision and blurred the begonias and the roses to a lunar incertitude, the bubbling complaint does not cease, becoming a litany of sobs with here and there a low penitent laugh, Emotion fondly pursuing its own echo through the dark airs of time."

Such sentences as this one would have jarred on the man whom Sainte-Beuve criticized as being too much a man of the world to be entirely an artist. The criticism is not an unjust one, but the explanation may be that Mérimée was born too late. For all his short romantic period, Mérimée was, as Mr. Johnstone suggests, a straggler from the eighteenth century, when men of the world and artists were not in rivalry. Eighteenth century he was, too, in his unflinching atheism, in his love of indecent conversation, and perhaps also in his acceptance of Napoleon III. as a benevolent despot. Above all, he was eighteenth century in the erudition he carried so lightly through the Paris drawing-rooms, an erudition which was always that of the intelligent amateur. Mr. Johnstone would like to think that there went on in Mérimée's breast a continual struggle between the artist and the scholar, and that, eventually and unhappily, the scholar won. The stream of Mérimée's artistry was clear but shallow, and certainly ran dry early. But it was an artistry which gained stimulus from scholarship, and it is as absurd to lament the erudition of Mérimée as to lament that of Ben Jonson or Gray. The artistry could not have existed without the scholarship. Nor could he have abandoned being a "man of the world" with advantage to his writings. If he had been a different man, he would have

written different books, perhaps better ones. But not the same ones rather better done. It would be safer to apply to him Sainte-Beuve's epigram on Constant *le plus grand des hommes distingués*. He was an absolutely disinterested man; though the pet plaything of the Empress he adored, he never sank to the arts of a courtier or tried to get anything for himself; his advice was nearly always good: as a Civil Servant engaged on conserving ancient monuments, he gave art the best of his time and strength. The women he fell in love with were nearly always horrid. But he would have always had them intelligent and well-educated atheists. To know him was a liberal education. In addition he was, if not a great, an extremely good writer. English readers generally remember him as the author of two stories read at school. But such tales as "La double méprise," "Tamango," "Le Joueur de Tric-trac," "Arsène Guillot," are almost great: two plays, "Le carrosse du Saint Sacrement" and "L'Occasion," have been triumphantly revived in Paris since the war; and although his correspondence has been vilely tampered with, he is among the most delightful of nineteenth-century letter writers. If he was not quite a great writer, he was most certainly a great man of letters, quite untainted by pretentiousness, *arrivisme*, or sentimentality.

Above all, he tried hard to be an internationalist, to get beyond the narrow conceptions of *la patrie*, and become a citizen of the world. In 1870, he had to admit that he had failed. He could not help loving France for all its absurdity and ingratitude. He was already old and ill, and the collapse of the Imperial House was the final blow. Mr. Johnstone recounts the story of how he dragged himself from bed, to have a last interview with Thiers. Could not the Empress even yet be saved? "After Sedan," he was told, "I regret that nothing of the kind is possible." So the broken old man dragged himself home again. Mr. Johnstone, however, does not add Thiers's own comment on the interview: "M. Mérimée était mourant. C'était le plus galant homme du monde et un des hommes les plus spirituels, et les meilleurs que j'ai connus." We can think more kindly of old Thiers for this generous observation, the tribute of the grosser to the finer clay, of a bad age to a better one, of the supple nineteenth-century politician to the last of the Encyclopædists.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

A NEW POET

Poems. By PETER QUENNEL. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.)

IN this time of clumsy, unmeaning, and lifeless construction, with what pleasure one reads these beautiful poems, in which the form is indivisible from the life and arises out of that life. Though these variable forms seem to grow as naturally and inevitably as a flower, yet in reality they are also the result of most careful and fastidious art. The poems are singularly difficult to review, because the body is so inseparable from the spirit, and each poem is so much a whole, that to break it into parts and to quote from it (which is the only way in which a reviewer can give the quality of a poem) would spoil the music and fray the fabric. But here, in these few lines, it is possible to show the beauty of the whole book, and its seclusion from the general noise:—

"The cities built by sound return to sound.
Amphion, who has slept a sum of years,
Turns back like Christ the marble of his tomb,
And his unbroken lyre,
Draws out the heart until the flesh dissolves."

"Now that strong current of compulsive sound
Makes Thebes as desert as a grassy plain,
The fever of her streets
Withdrawn like hasty breath or like a river
Mysteriously drawn back into its source."

Though in nearly every case in these poems the music appears inevitable, there are three lines in the first stanza of the beautiful "Hero Entombed" where I feel this is not the case. After the two lovely first lines, the third comes as a shock—suitable perhaps to the meaning, but not beautiful in itself. But all these poems are fresh, clear, and original. They are perfectly independent of the bulk of the poetry that is being written to-day; they belong to no school—they are neither modern nor ancient. They are themselves, living with as clear a life as any human being.

In 1921, everyone who cared for the future of poetry was astonished by this poem, and others equally beautiful, written by a poet of fifteen years old:—

THE SUNFLOWER.

"See, I have bent thee by thy saffron hair,
O most strange masker,
Towards my face, thy face so full of eyes,
O almost legendary monster.
Thee of the saffron, circling hair I bend,
Bend by my fingers knotted in thy hair,
Hair like broad flames.
So—shall I swear by beech husk, spindle-berry,
To break thee, saffron hair and peering eye,
To have the mastery?"

That young poet is fulfilling his promise.

EDITH SITWELL.

TRAVELLERS' ARCADIES

The Further Venture Book. By ELINOR MORDAUNT. (Bodley Head. 15s.)

An Asian Arcady. By REGINALD LE MAY. (Cambridge: Heffer. 21s.)

It would be interesting to know which kind of travel book on the whole pleases the public most—the impressionistic sketch which emphasizes all that is different, marvellous, or picturesque in the foreign country, or one in which long familiarity has taken any sensation of strangeness from the author's mind, and where he is only attempting to make his readers as familiar as he is with some remote part of the world. "The Further Venture Book" and "An Asian Arcady" illustrate these differences very well. Mrs. Mordaunt has written a lively account of her adventures in the Dutch East Indies, and illustrated it by many of her own clever and amusing sketches and photographs.

She describes, and pictures, the islanders as wildly excitable people, of slender and beautiful physique, with huge mops of woolly hair which they decorate with flowers or any object gay enough to attract their fancy, a tuft of luggage labels, for instance, or a child's paper windmill to whirl as its owner runs; and yet with so slender a hold on life that you have only to tell a man with sufficient conviction that he will die, and he will really do so, while suicide is accomplished within twelve hours simply by auto-suggestion. She was lent an escort of twenty prisoners to escort her camping inland, and to carry her chair, and these strange creatures, all of them men convicted of the most desperate crimes, would spend the whole day dancing, singing, and racing along the route, catching butterflies, decorating themselves and her with flowers, and "hopping like fleas" with delight at every small diversion.

One night, however, she was awakened by a gentle but slightly ostentatious sighing, and found that one of her retainers had chosen this time to come and tell her how skillfully he had once poisoned a man, enlivening every detail with a histrionic performance of his own stealthy movements and his victim's gradual enfeeblement.

"An Asian Arcady," on the other hand, is scarcely written from the point of view of a foreigner, so deeply has the author felt the charm of Northern Siam, where he lived and worked for twenty years, and which is a country so little known that he says "it would be difficult to find a dozen persons in any part of Europe who could give at all an accurate account of it." He has, therefore, prefaced his book with an account of its history and the Indo-Chinese origin of its people, which, it must be admitted, makes dull reading for the ordinary person, since very little of general interest emerges from the welter of dates and unfamiliar names. But as soon as Mr. le May begins to write of the peasants, and the superstitions, some comic, some semi-tragic, which govern their lives, we feel ourselves on the familiar and fascinating ground of "The Golden Bough," and are further charmed by the humour and imagination of the Siamese fairy tales which he translates for our benefit. His book contains an immense number of photographs, some of them of beautiful old temples and pagodas, and of specimens of native art from the author's collection, which add greatly to its interest.

SPENSER

Spenser. By EMILE LEGOUIS. (Dent. 6s.)

THIS little book on Spenser is worthy of its subject. It is sound and graceful and lucidly conveys a few important ideas. Its elementary character (it consists of six university lectures) will not prevent its being of real service to the Spenserian student and enthusiast; and, in spite of the publisher's note, the "foreignness" of M. Legouis' view is very rarely apparent.

The value and perhaps the originality of this study lie in the treatment of Spenser's attitude towards his age; and it would be difficult to find anywhere else so brief and clear a summary of the poet's philosophic and religious significance. M. Legouis emphasizes the essential difference between Spenser and the majority of the Elizabethans. In a letter to Raleigh, Spenser wrote:—

"I have followed all the antique poets historical; first Homer, who, in the person of Agamemnon and Ulysses, hath ensampled a good governor and a virtuous man . . . ; then Virgil, whose like intention was to do in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando . . ."

M. Legouis comments:—

"How quaint and remote that view of poetry appears to us. But it seemed scarcely less out of date to the authors of the great Elizabethan generation, intent on the study of man as man, in all the rich complexity of his nature. . . . How diametrically opposed to the conception of such characters as those of Hamlet, Othello, or Lear."

As a further example of the poet's want of sympathy for the literary tendency of his age, M. Legouis points out that "In the Teares of the Muses," Melpomene and Thalia bemoan the condition of English drama at the moment when Marlowe had written and Shakespeare was in preparation.

M. Legouis depreciates Spenser's claim, even in his own time, as a philosopher. He accepted Ficino's Neo-Platonism only too readily; it was the very thing his half pagan soul wanted, since it "grew out of the Platonic idea that all beauty in material things is spiritual, that it is of divine essence, so that the love of beauty is no other than the love of God Himself." The conclusion that Spenser is rather more a sectarian champion of Protestantism than a Christian mystic may be unpleasant, but seems none the less true; and he furnishes in his religious allegory another of those conflicts between passion and reason peculiar to the Renaissance. The defender of the reformed faith makes Una dress like a nun, and the House of Holiness, the abode of Penance and the hermit Contemplation, resemble a monastery.

There is an excellent chapter on the pictorial element of "The Faerie Queene" and its connection with the pictures, pageants, and masques of the time.

THE FLEURON

The Fleuron. A Journal of Typography. Edited by STANLEY MORISON. No. 5. (Cambridge University Press. 30s.)

ALL lovers of good printing will rejoice to find that "The Fleuron," to judge from its increase in size and beauty, has flourished in its five years of existence. The present number makes a beautiful and interesting book. That it is edited by Mr. Morison is a guarantee that it is of real value to all who are concerned with typography. His own contribution dealing with "an ideal italic" is an admirable paper, full of learning and good sense. We would particularly commend what he has to say about the slope of the capitals in the italics of the Caslon-Garamond class and the objection to the use of old-style italic capitals in combination. Very interesting is the effect which he shows of inclining the roman of this class to 15 degrees as contrasted with the slope of the standard italic fount.

Another extremely interesting article is by M. Paul Beaujon in which he deals with the sixteenth and seventeenth-century sources of the Garamond types. Other articles are: "The Work of Karl Klingenspor," by Julius Rodenberg; "J. E. Laboureur, Illustrator," by Paul Istel; and "William Bulmer," by H. V. Marrot. The plates to illustrate the articles are beautifully produced.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Theodora. By MAY WYNNE. (Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d.)

There is something about Protestant England which makes it completely useless as a background to Miss Wynne's hero, an angel who has insisted upon claiming for himself a human soul and its responsibilities. Theodore visits earth, learns that one may not speak of God in smart society, plunges into slum life, and dies by sacrificing his life on behalf of a Communist leader whose doctrine of hatred he had perpetually tried to overcome by love. But forgiveness and self-sacrifice and letting a captured thief go free are rather unmanageable unless the background be Celtic, Russian, or Franciscan, and the recounting of them strikes the reader as nothing more than a twenty-year-old tract. Even the fashions in dress hinted at in the book are of an earlier epoch. Undoubtedly sincerity tells in the long run, and it would do no harm if the folly of purely economic revolution were once more exposed; but to accept in its place a revolution brought about by the least intelligent form of Evangelicalism does not get us any farther. At all events, angelic visitors are too foreign to English theology to be ever very successful here.

The Dancing Girl of Shamahka. By COUNT DE GOBINEAU. Translated by HELEN M. FOX. With illustrations by MAK. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

This volume is a translation of the five tales which comprise the *Nouvelles Asiatiques*, written in the 'seventies by Count de Gobineau, a traveller in the Near East. The first three are set in the Caucasus, Afghanistan, and Iran respectively, and the last two in Persia. Considered as a whole, the work is mediocre, and the reader who allows himself to be fascinated by the charming illustrations and glamorous titles will be disappointed when he comes to the actual stories. However, it would be unfair to judge this book from the artistic point of view only. As literature these tales are diffuse and so lacking in inevitability that each denouement seems more haphazard than the last. But as essays on oriental manners and customs they are often admirable. If in dealing with human emotions the writer is commonplace, he brings to his observation of the external things of life a benign sympathy; and he is free from national animosities. "The War of the Turkomans" is the best story.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

THE H.M.V. records of this month include two works of immense popularity. Few pianoforte sonatas are as popular as "The Moonlight" sonata, Op. 27, No. 2, of Beethoven, its appeal being the easily understood appeal of passion. It is beautifully played with commendable restraint by Mr. Frederic Lamond (Two 12-in. records. D1141-2. 6s. 6d. each). The sonata occupies only three sides of the records, the fourth side being given to the brilliant Etude de Concert in D flat, No. 3, of Liszt. The other work is the eternally popular "Peer Gynt" Suite of Grieg, which is played as well as it could be played by the Royal Opera House Covent Garden Orchestra, under Mr. Goossens (Two 12-in. records. C1298-9. 4s. 6d. each). The recording in both these is admirable.

A new Galli-Curci record is the "Shadow Song" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" (10-in. record. DA817. 6s.). The singer does all that is possible, but though the air at the beginning is pleasant and becomes almost beautiful as sung by Signora Galli-Curci, the song is not a good one.

A particularly good choral record contains "For he shall give his angels charge over thee" and "Yet doth the Lord see it not," from Menhelssohn's "Elijah," given by the Royal Choral Society and recorded in the Albert Hall (12-in. record. D1144. 6s. 6d.). The playing and recording are also good in an organ record of Elgar's Imperial March and Dubois' "Cantilène Nuptiale," played by Mr. Stanley Roper on the organ at St. Margaret's, Westminster (12-in. record. C129. 4s. 6d.).

The ten-inch records, all 3s., include Blossom's Film Scenario, "talking," by John Henry and Blossom (B2384), and the following dance records: "Black Bottom" and "Sugar Foot Stomp," Charleston-foxtrots, Fred Hamm (B5173); "Here in My Arms" and "Everything will Happen for the Best," foxtrots, The Sylvals (B5169); and "Alabama Stomp," Charleston-foxtrot, and "Mama's Gone Young, Papa's Gone Old," foxtrot, Jack Hylton (B5170).

THE OWNER-DRIVER

"I HAVE two cars—a large six-cylinder American saloon and a small four-seater British tourer. The electrical equipment of the former seems equal to all claims made upon it, even in the coldest weather, but one cannot pay the same compliment to the English lighting and starting set. Both cars are used mainly for local work in winter, with no long runs to keep the generators going, and the demands for starting and lighting are such that one has frequently to use the cranking handle to start the small engine. The American battery never fails me, but I have to send the British car accumulators to a local charging station at intervals, and one would like to be spared the trouble and inconvenience, to say nothing of the cost. Is there any way of solving this problem, without going to the expense of installing a larger battery?"

This letter comes from a motorist in the Peak district of Derbyshire, who adds that he has electricity in his house, but no form of heating in his garage.

One finds it very difficult to understand why so many British manufacturers provoke such criticism by failing to provide accumulators of more liberal dimensions. Their only explanation can be that it would increase the cost of the car, but my reply is that the public do not ask for such false economies or appreciate them.

Nothing is more exasperating than lighting and starting trouble, and as far as is humanly possible the car manufacturer should insure against it, even if he has to cut out a few of what he is pleased to advertise as "refinements in coachwork."

In a letter to my Derbyshire correspondent I have advised him to run the electrical wiring into his garage and fit four "elements," such as are used as heaters in electric radiators, on the garage wall, with three switches, so that he may use one, two, three, or four bars at a time.

If a simple metal frame is provided to hold the "elements" the cost of the fixture need not be great. Nothing elaborate is required to ensure an effective charging device of this kind.

Just inside the rear door of my car I have a fixed socket, wired direct to the accumulators, and into this is inserted a three-point plug attached to a few yards of flex running from the wall-charger.

It does not take half a minute to place the car batteries "on charge," at the rate of 2½, 4½, 6½, or 9 amperes, using one, two, three, or four bars.

In actual practice I generally charge overnight at the lowest rate (2½ amp.) by switching on one element, and the heat from the glowing bar is sufficient to warm the garage even during frosty weather.

There is no need to touch the batteries—not even to remove the vent plugs—when the charging is done slowly; and provided the current is paid for at the rate charged for heating, the cost is much cheaper than is involved in taking the accumulators to a charging station.

This little scheme—properly installed by an electrician—may be carried out for a few pounds, and I have never spent any money on motoring to better advantage.

For ten years at least I have maintained my batteries in perfect condition, without disconnecting or removing them. They are always ready for full service, and the saving in upkeep has more than repaid the cost of the charging device, which is equally valuable for recharging the low-tension batteries of one's wireless sets.

A SIGNIFICANT REMARK.

Mr. W. R. Morris, founder of Morris Motors, Ltd., made a significant remark in an interview last Monday. His firm, he said, were turning out 1,400 cars per week, but this was 600 less than would have been produced if steel supplies had not been restricted through the coal dispute. As other manufacturers are similarly affected we may safely infer that there will not be sufficient new cars ready to meet the Easter demand. There will be keen disappointment amongst those who do not book early deliveries.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Mr. Rayner Roberts has for many years been recognized as an exceptionally well-informed writer on motoring subjects, and his wide experience as an Owner-Driver is at the service of our readers. Communications should be addressed to the Motor Editor, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, W.C.1.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE CONVERSION OF GOVERNMENT DEBT—IRON AND STEEL—INVERESK PAPER.

IT is not unlikely that dealings in the new 4 per cent. Consolidated Loan will open at a premium on the issue price of 85. The Treasury provided the right temptation for the market by attaching to the loan a sinking fund of £10,000,000 cash per annum. This was clever. Supposing £800,000,000 stock is applied for by conversion and in cash, the sinking fund would amount to $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whereas the sinking fund in the case of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Conversion Loan is only 2 per cent. (which ceases to operate when the price of Conversion Loan rises above 90). But as the sinking fund for the 4 per cent. Consolidated Loan is fixed at £10,000,000, the greater the applications, the less will be the relative value of the sinking fund, and the higher the market price of the stock rises, the easier it will be for the Treasury to issue further Conversion loans. Apart from this cleverness there have already been signs of effective and well-handled Treasury support, designed to ensure the success of the issue. Moreover, money at the moment is extremely "easy." There is talk of a fall in Bank rate either this month or next. The relatively strong position of the Bank compared with that of a year ago—when the gold reserve was £7 million less and the proportion of reserve to liabilities 11.5 per cent. against 21 per cent. to-day—and the easy money conditions in New York lend support to the view that if Bank rate moves, it will move down. The Treasury has a fine strategic opportunity.

Nevertheless, there is no need in our view to jump from short-dated into long-dated Government securities because of the favourable Press comments on the new 4 per cent. "Consols." The problem of the national debt conversion must be viewed as a whole. The Government is faced with the maturity of over £1,000,000,000 of short-term debt before the end of 1930. Apart from this, approximately £2,677,000,000 of debt, of which £2,000,000,000 is 5 per cent. War Loan, becomes available for redemption at the option of the Treasury over a period commencing in 1929 and ending in 1947. Then there is the floating debt which, at the end of last year, had increased by £29,225,000 to £845,000,000, and an external debt of £1,110,000,000, including the £980,000,000 war debt to the U.S. Government and the £29,504,000 $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dollar bonds due in 1937. It should be added that of the short-term debt £470,000,000 of National War Bonds are convertible into 5 per cent. War Loan, which would bring the total of that issue up to £2,515,000,000. It seems clear that while such a huge block of 5 per cent. War Loan remains outstanding, other Government stocks cannot rise much above the level of a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. yield. Yet no great success at converting 5 per cent. War Loan into long-dated stock can be expected until Government credit is on a lower-yielding basis. These are the two horns of the Government's dilemma.

In future conversion issues the Government will have to offer more favourable terms if (a) income tax is increased, or (b) if interest rates rise. How long would a lower Bank rate last? The huge adverse balance of overseas trade on the one hand and the expected revival in trade at home on the other, tend towards dearer money. For the eleven months ending November 30th the country had an adverse visible balance of trade of £418,516,000, against £341,508,000 in 1925, and £294,091,000 in 1924. The net efflux of gold (since April 30th, 1925) had increased from £593,000 on September 22nd last, to £5,324,000 by the end of December. On the Board of Trade estimates of the invisible balance of trade, the country had only a surplus of £28,000,000 available for foreign investment in 1925. In 1926, on account of the coal strike, any surplus available for foreign investment must have vanished. Yet in that

year the country lent overseas, taking the following figures of the Midland Bank, no less than £112 millions or 44 per cent. of the total new issues:—

Year.	Total New Issues.	Total for Overseas Borrowers.	Percentage Exported.
1924 ...	£223,546,000	£134,223,000	60%
1925 ...	219,897,000	87,798,000	40%
1926 ...	253,266,000	112,404,000	44%

As London interest rates in the short-loan market have been more favourable than the corresponding rates in New York, there has been a flow of American balances to London, which means, as we have pointed out before, that the country has been balancing its foreign payments account with borrowed money. This is likely to continue with the easier monetary conditions in New York, but it is well to remember that a higher Bank rate may later on become necessary to protect the London money market against foreign borrowers as well as the Bank against a drain of gold. That is why we see no reason for the investor to exchange short-term for long-dated Government securities.

The idea of a boom in industrial shares based on the rise in coal, iron, and steel shares shows lack of discrimination. There is no magic in a New Year or the end of a coal strike. The prospect of industrial peace at home and of economic stability abroad (assuming that the franc is effectively stabilized) certainly favours a trade revival this year, but it must not be forgotten that the heavy export industries are still affected by an over-high exchange. Moreover, iron and steel shares have already enjoyed a remarkable rise since the beginning of last year as the following index numbers will show:—

SECURITIES INDEX NUMBERS OF "INVESTORS' CHRONICLE."					
(December 31st, 1923 = 100.)					
	1925.		1926.		
	Sept. 29.	Dec. 31.	April 27.	July 30.	Dec. 31.
Iron and Steel	58.8	69.2	61.0	57.8	69.5
Coal ...	76.8	74.9	75.1	78.7	95.1

Inveresk Paper ordinary shares, which have risen from about £4 "cum rights" to £5½ ex rights in a few months, have now fallen to £5 "bid" for the old shares and £5 "offered" for the new. When the market is in a healthier condition these shares should be a suitable purchase for capital appreciation if the statements made by the Chairman at the general meeting on December 24th are likely to be realized. The Company has now an issued capital of £1,200,000, half in Ordinary shares and half in 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, with £149,500 6½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock outstanding. The most striking of the Chairman's statements were that in a normal year the gross earnings should amount to £1,000,000 and the net profits to about £400,000, and that the last year's dividends of 25 per cent. should be increased this year. The "bull" points in the Company's favour the Chairman summarized as follows: (1) The general reserve fund stands at £550,000; (2) The investments of the company stand at cost in the books at £1,105,000, but the value of these investments is far in excess of that figure; (3) Negotiations are proceeding for the sale of the Company's pulp interests in Germany held through the International Pulp and Chemical Co. This Company issued to the public £600,000 in Cumulative Participating Preference shares and £400,000 in Ordinary shares at par to the Inveresk Paper Company. The position is that the Inveresk Paper Company will not sell the Ordinary shares unless an offer is also received for the Participating Preference shares of International Pulp. There is ground for expecting such an offer to be made.

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